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### SOME-DAY.

BY S. E. W.

Farewell, bright dawns and perfume-laden airs,
Faint with the breath of roses newly blown—
Warm slumbrous noons, when sleep our haunting cares,
Long summer days and nights, too swiftly flown,
With sighs and sad regrets we saw you go:
Why did you leave us, who had loved you so?

'Neath sapphire skies, and starry hedgerows sweet
Laced with gold thread of gossamer, we went,
Wild summer blooms beneath our wandering feet,
And summer in our hearts: our love intent.
"I will return," you said, "when roses blow,"
That time we said "good-bye," a year ago.

But I alone have seen them bloom and die,
While you have passed beyond these shadows here
Into the light. I'll follow bye-and-bye,
Meantime I wait, and hold the roses dear,
And summer sacred, for the love I bear;
Until we meet ag in, some day, somewhere.

# ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

MR. MARK STACEY sat down beside me on the bank, still retaining my hand, and looked earnestly in my face, as I remained passive but frightened and trembling.

I knew what he was going to say, and I would have given worlds for the power to get up and hurry away; for I dreaded to hear his words.

But the die seemed cast.

It was Kate's wish, Frank's wish, and I should be making the poor fellow happy; so I felt that I could only give way.

And yet I turned aside my now pale face and humid eyes.

How long we sat in silence I cannot tell, for he made no effort to speak.

It seemed sufficient happiness to him to sit holding my hand, and feel that the prize—what a prize!—for which he had been waiting was nearly his.

The birds twittered above our heads; and the softened cooing of the stock doves still came from the fir-wood; and all the time my heart kept heavily giving throb after throb, each beat seeming that of a march of despair, as, even while he held my hand, I strove to forget the past, and to make vows to be to him a true and earnest wife, even if I could not love him as I should.

That scene has been printed on my brain ever since, and it will never fade.

It seemed to me then, after all of my efforts, as if I was guilty of some crime.

But he could not read my face; he only attributed it to agitation and love for him.

But at last he spoke, and I started as if I had been stung.

I should have hurriedly left him, but he smiled, and pinioned me with his strong arm; and, like the prisoner I was, I seemed to be listening to my sentence.

His every word made me shiver, as, in a gentle, manly tone he told me once again how fondly he loved me; how in his past silence he had been yielding only to my wishes, so plainly evinced, but all the time he had been hoping to more firmly knit my love to him.

"I would not worry you darling," he said, earnestly; "but now you will promise me that it may be soon. Jenny, dearest," he whispered, "tell me you will be my loving little wife."

He waited in silence, while I sat there trembling at the touch of his strong arm; and, in spite of my determination to be firm and speak calmly, as became me, I broke down, and it was in the midst of sobs and tears that I panted out—

"I will try to be—indeed I will."

"My darling," he said, earnestly, "what more could I wish for?"

And before I could offer the slightest resistance, he had drawn me to his breast, and was about to press his lips to mine, when a shrill angry little voice at our side made him start from me.

"Don't hurt Aunty Dinny!"

It was poor little Vi, who had been forgotten; and I caught her in my arms, to kiss and soothe her, and hide my agitated face upon her little shoulder.

How long this lasted I can hardly tell; I only know that Mr. Stacey stood beside me, with one hand resting on my shoulder, and that it was little Vi who again broke the silence with—

"Tumbody mut tarry me home; I toe tired."

"Let me be horse, Vi, my little pet," said Mr. Stacey.

"No—I don't like you," she said, angrily. "You make Aunty Dinny try."

It took a good deal of persuasion before she would consent to let him carry her; but at length she was pacified, and, as he bore her in his strong arms, she sank to sleep, and we walked on side by side to the little farm.

"Till to-night, dearest," he whispered, as the child woke up at the gate, rested and happy.

"Till to-night," I answered, in a husky voice—speaking as if mechanically; and then, catching up little Vi, I turned into the Grange without looking round.

"Why, how now—what's the matter?" cried Kate, as she saw my flushed face and caught my hand.

"Mitter Tatey made Aunty Dinny try," cried Vi.

"Let me go, Kate—don't question me!" I cried.

"What a fuss we do make!" said Kate, laughing at my troubled looks.

"Did he want a kiss, Jenny, or has he been talking about the day? Eh, is that it?"

I made no answer, only placed the child in her arms, and hurried up to my room, where I locked myself in, and sought relief in tears; for I felt heart-broken.

"This won't do," I said then to myself, as I sat up and bathed my burning eyes. "I believe it will make them all very happy."

As if to endorse my words the handle of my door was tried, and I heard Kate's voice as she asked to be admitted; and no sooner had I done this, than she took me very lovingly in her arms, and kissed me again and again.

"Mark has been telling Frank and me all about it," she whispered, tenderly. "Don't cry, love, I know it is agitating; but he's a dear, good fellow, and he'll make a husband you should be proud of. Frank has sent you up a kiss, and I'm to tell you that you've made us all very happy."

I sat and sobbed again on Kate's breast, but her words made me feel more resigned; and at last she left me, telling me to lie down till dinner-time, when Mr. Stacey was coming, and she would herself bring me up some lunch.

"You must not show him that doleful face, dear; so lie down and have a nap. Oh, you dear, good girl! You shall be married from here. Oh, Jenny, I am so glad."

She took to sobbing now, but only for a few minutes; when she got up, said she was as foolish as I, and, kissing me once more, ran out of the room, but only to hurry back again.

"Jenny," she said, "we must go over to Calkton and see Aunt Lint. She'll be terribly put out if we don't. She abhors matrimony, but exacts tribute from those who are going to enter into the state; so we must tell."

* * * * * *

I was alone again at last; and, after bathing my eyes, I sat thinking over it all, and going over what I felt to be my duty in the future.

I liked Mr. Stacey very well as a friend, and I meant to try to love him as my husband.

Every one, I reasoned, was called upon more or less to suffer and practice self-denial.

Here was my ordeal; and I knelt down then and prayed that, if it was to be, I might do my duty without a murmur against my fate.

I had hardly risen from my knees, and was preparing to go below, feeling that it would be but a poor proof of my determination to lie down there all the afternoon, when there came a scream from below, then another and another—not childish screams of petulance, but cries of horror and of fright.

In a moment, I had thrown open the door, and was hurrying downstairs into the hall; when I found that the cries came from the kitchen, and, running there, I stood at the door for a moment petrified.

In that one glance—my keenest, sharpest look—I saw all; that darling little Vi had been left alone, and had strayed in here, and by some means dragged over a great tall clothes-horse, full of airing linen, against the grate, and she was there, in the midst of the flames.

I can scarcely tell you how it was only that I dashed to the child, and fought and beat at the flames throwing over her a great unburned sheet that I caught up, and wrapping it round and round her, as I crushed out the last smouldering sparks.

The next instant, with a chill of horror coming over me, I had frantically thrown the child from me, and was tearing off my own light white dress, striving to wring out the tongues of flame that now, as if angry at being baulked of their prey, writhed about me, and crawled up and up stinging me like serpents, till I could hardly keep from crying out in my intense agony.

I did not shriek aloud—only strove with the flames as, in my horror, I rushed about the kitchen—even then, by a sort of blind instinct, keeping from the side where Vi lay, crying in smothered tones, and trying to escape from the stifling linen that covered her.

But at last, in my agony, I ran out of the kitchen into the yard, followed by the wild shrieks of Kate, who had just come in from the garden.

In an instant, as I ran, the cruel flames seemed to rush up me and to dart at my head, stinging me beyond endurance; till at last, with fire fluttering and raging round me, a feeling as of delirium came over me, a mist, was before my eyes, a sense of hideous stifling, and uttered one wild appeal for help, just as I felt myself seized, and a voice that I knew for Frank's told me that help was near.

His voice seemed to bring back my wavering senses: for I remember him folding his coat round me, and throwing me on the ground, when I felt him beating and crushing out the fire, before taking me once more in his arms as the horrible reek of the smoke entered my nostrils, and carrying me as tenderly as he would a child towards the house.

I tried so hard, as I lay in his arms with my eyes closed and my teeth set upon my lip—I tried with all my might, to keep back the shrieks that were struggling to force themselves from me in my dreadful agony and in spite of all they got free, but they were subdued to a few low, piteous moans.

"My poor girl!—my poor girl!" Frank groaned, as he laid me on my bed.

And then I heard him go down the stairs in two heavy bounds, and directly after there was the sounds of galloping hoofs, as I lay trying to keep back my moans.

There was a good deal going on round me; but I kept my eyes closed, and, after a few attempts to assuage my pain, the women servants gave up in despair, and I heard the words—

"Wait for the doctor!"

It seemed the same moment that I felt a hand touch mine, and for the second time I shrieked out in pain.

"Oh, Jenny—Jenny!" sobbed Kate, for it was she. "My poor darling sissy!"

"Vi—little Vi?" I sobbed out, in a sort of hoarse whisper.

"Only slightly burned—her neck and hair," whispered Kate, sobbing loudly. "Oh, Jenny, Jenny, you saved my darling!"

"Thank God!"

I must have fainted then; for the next thing I remember is hearing the quiet, firm voice of our doctor, Mr. Levigne, as he gave instructions, while I kept hearing the sharp click, click of a pair of scissors, and then I could feel his soft, cool hands applying something grateful to my throbbing, burning skin.

It was very dark, for a bandage was over my eyes; and when I tried to raise a hand, I found that it was bandaged too, and the effort caused me acute pain.

"Lie still, my child," said Mr. Levigne's soft soothing voice, as, in a strange, excited way, I tried to speak.

"Keep a good heart—I'll soon make you easier.

"There, there, poor little body! It's very sad; but my little patient has plenty of firmness, I know."

I remember trying to kiss his kind, gentle hand, as it touched my face once; and soon after the cool end of a glass tube was placed to my lips.

"Drink that, my dear," Mr. Levigne said.

And I drew something through the tube, and then all grew misty and strange. I heard voices, but they seemed to be far off; then more distant still; and then I was running, always to darling little Vi, and trying to beat out the flames.

And all the time, Mark Stacey kept holding me back, telling me that it was a punishment for being false to Edward Scarlett.

Then there came a change in that wild, dreamy, delirious time that lasted many days; though in my fevered brain time no longer had any measurment.

I was back again at the old farm; and the pony was tearing away over fiery plains, with Mr. Scarlett in full pursuit, but he could not come up; and as I protected Kate the flames overtook me, and were always burning and burning me, till I felt that I must shriek aloud, but dared not, lest I shou'd alarm the pony.

Then I was in the wood, but it was not Mark Stacey who came to my side and told me of his love, but Ned Scarlett; and all the time he was telling me, the sun burned and burned, and burned me, till he turned from me in disgust, and I was crying to him to come and end my pain.

Then more and more wild dreaming—of flowers with petals like tongues of flame, and flowers with golden leaves; and in their cups I seemed to see little Violet's face looking imploringly up at me for help, but something kept me back, as I heard her shrieks, and struggled to get free, while some one told me to lie still.

And always with my dreams there was the incessant fluttering noise of flames leaping and rejoicing as they strove to get at me; and I fought them back with all my puny might, and called to Ned to come and save me from my horrid fate.

It was a dead blank that seemed to fall upon me then, as if the brilliant fiery visions had been suddenly extinguished, and all black and cold; till at last I awoke, with the pleasant scent of geraniums and musk float-

ing in towards me as from an open window, and I smiled and tried to recall my dreams; for, in a subdued, misty way, it seemed to me that I had lain down as Kate bade me, and that now it was time to rise.

I fell then a-thinking of Mark Stacey, and by degrees his words, and those of Kate, came slowly and laboriously back, and there was no smile, but a sigh that rose to my lips, as I tried to open my eyes; but all was darkness, and I felt that there was something over my face.

I lay trying to think, but my memory seemed loose, and I had no command over it; and at last, in a peevish, weak way, I tried to move, but I could not raise my hand; once more I lay passive—not trying to wonder what it meant, for I was too weak for that—and by degrees a restful feeling stole over me, and I slept.

I have a misty recollection of whisperings about me, and of soft, cool hands touching me; but I slept much, till it seemed to be upon the same day that I lay passively there again, breathing once more the sweet scents of the flowers which I knew grew on my window-sill.

I lay wondering in the darkness being puzzled as to how it was that it was night, and yet the windows wide open; for the coolness told me it was.

Then I knew that it could not be night, for there came to my ear all the familiar old sounds of the farmyard, and I tried to raise my hand once more, when there came a faint sigh from close by me, and the sound as of some one laying a pair of scissors down upon a work table.

I was still puzzled, I could not make it out; till suddenly I heard a merry little silvery laugh, following the whistling, fluttering noise of wings, and a short, sharp bark.

That was darling little Vi, with Gyp, running after the pigeons; and I asked myself why it was dark.

Then came the pure, merry laugh again, but it fell on my ears like a scream; for the whole horrible scene flashed upon me now, and I knew that I was lying there fearfully burn't and unable to move.

I lay thinking then in a terribly agitated way; but the soft, sweet breeze playing on my cheek, and the sounds of the dear familiar place, seemed to lull and soothe me, and when I heard the same faint sigh again close beside me, I tried once more to raise my hand, but without effect.

"Is that you, Kate?" I said, in a faint whisper of a voice.

"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly; and I felt her lean over me, and kiss me again and again, with her hot tears falling upon my face.

"Oh! Jenny, Jenny, darling, are you yourself once more?"

"Have I been very bad?" I said.

"Very, very bad, dear," whispered Kate; "but you must not speak. There, there, lie still; don't try to move."

"Take the bandage off my eyes," I said, "it makes it so dark."

"No, no," she cried, "Mr. Levigne said no bandage was to be touched except by his orders. You are not in much pain now?"

"No," I said, wearily, "not much."

"But, Jenny, darling, you are getting better; and—and, oh, thank God for all this!"

I felt her cling to one of my hands, as she sank upon her knees by the bed, and I tried to follow her words as she sobbed forth a prayer of thankfulness; but as I tried, the effort seemed to weary me, and I slowly dozed off into a soft, very delicious sleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DARKNESS.

I SUPPOSE it was a couple of days after—but I slept so much that the time seemed to go in jumps—that I was lying awake when I heard a creaking step on the stairs, and Kate ran to admit Mr. Levigne.

"Ah, that's better!" he said, in his kind, fatherly, gentle way.

"My little girl's getting on, I see. Not much pain now, eh?"

"Not much," I said; "but how soon may I have some of these bandages off, doctor?"

"Poor little maid!" he said, patting this one and that one, and loosening one and re-binding another—"they fidget and worry her, and get hot; but I know my little patient will try and bear them, when I tell her that it's for her good. We don't want more scars on that soft white skin than we can help."

I sighed, though I felt that it did not matter—I did not care.

"I know they are very, very tiresome," he said, "and I'll send some cooling lotion to apply to them; but we must not have them off yet."

"I don't mind any of the others, doctor," I said, "only the one over my eyes—it makes it so dark."

"And she's afraid to be in the dark, eh?" he said, merrily.

"There, there, I won't laugh at you; but you must not touch that one, little Jenny. I would relieve you of it if I could, but I forbid its being touched under any pretence."

A sigh that was almost a sob escaped from me.

"It's to save you pain and suffering, my child," he said kindly.

"I am obliged to be peremptory for your sake."

"Tell me how long first—how long I must wait?" I said appealingly.

"Well, go on getting stronger for a week and then we'll see. Everything though, depends on your getting strong. Your sister, here, will use her eyes for you, and read to you, I dare say. Now, then, good-bye. You are getting on famously, and I'm quite proud of my patient; but she must not fret and throw herself back."

He patted me on the shoulder, said a few words to Kate, and then I heard him go, as I lay thinking, wondering how much I was burned; but I soon ceased to think about that, for, in a quiet, resigned fashion, I concluded that it mattered very little.

It was very dark, and I was lying there as helpless as a child.

Kate came and read to me a good deal; and during that long, weary week she spent every moment she could with me, chatting about our neighbors, or about little Vi, who had lost half her beautiful hair, but, saving on her hands, was without a mark.

"I won't bring her to you now, Jenny, dear," Kate said; "but when she gets old enough to know, she will be very, very grateful."

Then, as those words made me think of her reason for not bringing little Vi, I felt how disfigured I must be—what a terrible object—if I was likely to frighten the child; and that set me thinking of him who formed the next subject of my sister's conversation.

"Poor Mark has been inconsolable," she said.

"Four and five times a day has he been here to ask about you. Poor boy! he has been nearly mad. Have you any message for him Jenny?"

"No," I said softly—"not now."

"He has sent his dear love to you again and again, and been over to the town every day for fruit, which he has brought himself.

"Those grapes I have been giving you were his present."

I lay listening in silence.

"One of his great questions is, when may he see you; but of course it is impossible at present."

"Yes, quite," I said faintly.

And then a feeling as of a hand grasping my heart came on, and the bandage which was over my eyes became soaked with my tears.

"It was only the other day," I remember thinking, "that Kate charged me with caring so much for my pretty face. And now——"

Well, it did not matter now, I thought.

And yet, what a test of his love this would prove.

I could ask no greater.

And yet he had told me that he loved me.

Yes, then.

But now when I was so terribly disfigured, and all the long, wavy, ruddy hair, as Kate teasingly called it, was gone, it would be a test indeed.

But if he still cared for me, how much more should I be called upon to cling to him fondly and dearly to the end.

Then I lay and blamed myself for my thoughts; and ended by drifting, drifting, letting everything go, as I strove hard to bear the tedium and irritation that combined to nearly wear me out.

At last the week was at an end—a week whose hours I had counted almost by minutes.

I had heard Mark Stacey's voice below, and Kate came up with a bunch of flowers for me to smell, and a cluster of great hot-house grapes.

"Mark's dear love, Jenny," she said, "and he wants to know when he may see you."

"Not yet," I said—"not yet."

And a strange, wild hope that was now running in my heart seemed to grow stronger and stronger.

"He'll be so disappointed," replied Kate; "but on the whole, dear, I think he ought to wait for some time."

"Yes," I said, "for some time."

Mark's footsteps sounded plainly as he passed near my window, but they caused no fluttering of my heart; and I lay still, counting the minutes almost, till there was the welcome noise of wheels, and soon after I heard Mr. Levigne's cheery voice on the stairs.

He was very welcome, and I lay perfectly still till he had finished, when I spoke.

"Shall I be much disfigured, doctor?" I said.

"Disfigured? Nonsense, my dear," he said.

"How could a dear little woman like you be disfigured?

"Beauty's only skin deep, and what does a scar or two matter?

"I know of a young lady being married who had lost both her legs by a railway accident; and another who had no nose. Don't you be afraid of that, my dear. Why I'll propose for you myself, if you like. Let's see," he went on, playfully—"I'm sixty-six, and you are twenty-two. Three twos are six, carry nothing, and three twos are six. What a capital match, eh? But I forgot, you are engaged."

"Don't joke with me, doctor," I said, holding his hand with one of my bandaged ones. "Tell me, please, shall I be much disfigured?"

And it was from no vain feeling that I asked, only on account of the hope that had sprung up in my breast.

"If you are, my dear child," he said, bending over me, and kissing my hand, "try not to murmur at it, but thank God for sparing your life. No burns can hurt the sweet disposition that we all love more than your looks."

I turned my head a little on one side, for I was afraid that he would see my tears; and I knew then that it must be very bad.

"And when may I have the bandage off?" I asked. "It is a week since I asked you."

"Not for another week," he said, kindly, but firmly.

"You have been fidgeting and fretting, and I want your nerves to be in good order first.

"Mind, my dear, I forbid it to be touched. You will obey?"

I promised, and he went; but how could I keep from fretting, hard as I tried to be resigned!

But as I lay there, and knew, day after day, when Mark Stacey called, I could not help feeling that I should be free.

He would never care for me again, unless he persisted, through a feeling of honor, in going on with an engagement made when I believe that I was handsome, though I never cared for it.

I could not allow that.

I could not suffer that.

I would have tried to merit his love: but his pity!—

I lay and sobbed there, often and often in the long, dark days and nights; and then blamed myself, and prayed for strength and resignation—for that calmness of spirit for which I longed.

I knew now that I should be glad if Mark Stacey gave me up, though all the time we were engaged.

The resignation came at last—not at the end of a week, when Mr. Levigne put off removing the bandage for another week; but at the end of these seven days—five weeks after my terrible accident.

Mr. Levigne had come as usual, and had talked merrily to me, as he petted me as if I had been his own child.

At last, he said, quietly—

"Now, Mrs. Kate, if you will go downstairs, I think little Jenny here and I can manage to remove the bandage from her eyes."

I placed his hand against my lips; for the suspense was to be at an end, and I felt his delicacy.

"Tut—tut, child," he said, as he rose and fastened the door—"don't do that."

Then I heard him go and pull down the blind, and draw the curtains.

"There," he said.

"We must not be too hard on the poor eyes. But you will be very, very patient?"

"Yes, doctor," I said, quietly, as he felt my pulse.

"Now, then," he said, as he leaned over my bed and kissed me, "I want to talk to you, my dear. Listen!"

I clung to his hand, and he went on.

"A month ago, my child, when I had exhausted everything I knew in surgery, I felt that your cure was hopeless—that I could not save your life. But I would not despair, and I tried on. God has given us your life."

He paused, and felt my heart fluttering as he raised his hands tenderly to the bandage.

I could not bear it then, though.

My lips quivered, and with trembling hands I caught at his, and drew them away.

"You told me that you would be calm and patient," he said. "Shall we wait another week?"

"No, no, doctor!" I sobbed—"you shall go on directly; but—but, I am afraid to know the truth; and—and it is so hard to bear."

"My poor child," he said, in a husky voice; and placing his arm beneath my neck, he raised me till my head rested upon his shoulder, and his gray beard touched my cheek.

"It is hard—very hard to bear. You have felt it, then—you know, my dear?"

I did not answer for a few moments, for I had to gather my strength; but at last it came, and I said, piteously—

"Yes—I know—I am blind!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### AGAINST SLEEP.

IT was fancy only; for I got up and peeped into Ned's room, where he was asleep and talking in an incoherent fashion, with only a word to be made out here and there.

I heard him say, "Dear love," and "Darling," once, so that I felt that his dreams must be pleasant, and stole cautiously away, to pass a restless kind of night altogether, and get up dull and unrefreshed.

I horrified poor Mrs. Bell by bringing out the brandy bottle at breakfast-time, and making Ned Hassall's eyes twinkle by giving him a liberal lacing in his coffee, for which—poor wretch!—he gave me a grateful squeeze of the hand.

Then I went with him to the lawyer in the town, who paid him his annuity, and we finished our business about that, ending by returning to Bell's cottage, where I gave Ned the bottle, with about half of half a pint of brandy in it, and left him.

I found Bell in hot water at the station: for the first words I heard were those of Tod, the station-master, and they were:

"Well, sir, I shall report the destruction of the company's property—that lantern, and the grease box."

"It's wanton destruction."

"Should you have reported the circumstance of poor Crookes had been cut to pieces last night, sir, instead of the lantern?

"He had a narrow escape, indeed he had," I said.

"Perhaps I should, sir," said Tod, sharply.

"And I may find it necessary to report the insolence and insubordination of one of the signalmen."

He went into his office, banging the door after him sharply; and Crookes looked up at me doiefully, as he sat down on a bench, placed his bell between his knees, and, holding it there, took out his rotten-stone and piece of flannel, and began to polish away.

"You shouldn't speak to him, John Black—it only makes him wild; and I don't mind his reports, bless you!

"He's always letting one off; and they never do me any harm.

"Why, if all the reports he's let off again me were to be let off now, all together, they'd blow the station down, and him out of it.

"Bless your 'art! he's blowed me up till I quite like being blowed up.

"It makes me lively and light, and ready to tease the missus.

"If ever you hears me sing-ing the 'Steam arm' at home, you may know as Tod's been promising to report me."

"I can't put up with it like you do," I said, shortly.

And then, seeing that the poor fellow looked snubbed, I nodded good-humoredly, and gave Bell the greatest treat I could give him—to wit, I asked for his tobacco pouch, and half filled it before going from a packet I had in my hand.

Gummer met me with a smile, and reported all right.

"Tired?" I said, shortly.

"No, can't say that I am," he said; "but it aint the company's fault.

"Morning."

"Good morning," I said.

And he went out of the box, but only to return.

"Do you know, I've been thinking, Black," he said, "that we signalmen ought to petition the company for etter arrangements.

"Our hours too long."

"Far too long," I said; "but where is the use?

"They won't do it."

"There'll come a horrible smash here some day," he said, "and that will bring them to their senses."

"There, don't talk like that, man," I said.

"Well, I hope it won't be in our time, John Black; but come it must.

"It was quite like a miracle that you stopped that when I was asleep."

I nodded.

"Well, John Black, I've been thinking that over ever since, and I ask you, as knows me well, am I a man who drinks, or idles, or neglects my duty in any way?"

"No," I said.

"If I had to give you a character, I should say you were as steady a man as any on the line."

"Well, look how it was, then.

"I did all I could, I tried all I could; but nature was too strong for me.

"One of our little ones had been ill, and it spoiled my night's rest; but if I'd gone to Tod, and told him I did not feel up to my work, he'd have reported me."

"I'd have stayed on for you, or come sooner for you, Gummer," I said.

"Yes, I know you would, John Black, and I'll ask you another time.

"Good morning, and I hope you'll never feel as I felt."

He left me feeling rather queer and uncomfortable, for I knew that it was quite possible I might be in just as bad a state; but I threw it off and busied myself as usual—saw the old lady come and go, fished for my dinner, and had a think about Ned Hassall, who came to me in the afternoon to ask for money for brandy, which I gave him; and he went off, bent of back, and with a strange, scared look in his face that was painful to see.

I had another think about my plan, and hesitated as I thought of the trouble it was going to be; but I wouldn't turn back now—I'd too much of the dogged Englishman in me; and as I had once undertaken to do what I was now doing, so I determined to go on with my plan for his cure, spite of all the trouble it might cause.

It was getting dark, and I had been watching Bell go plodding along the line, with his box of matches, to climb up a thin iron ladder, and make a red gleaming eye, like a carbuncle, spring out here, and a pale green star to start out of the gloom there. Then, like a row of golden beads, I saw him light the station lamps, and I lit my own, passed a train or two, telegraphed on, after shifting my signals, and then got up and opened the window, for the place felt hot and oppressive.

I felt better then for a few minutes; but a heavy, dull langnor coming over me again, I got up and drained the last drops out of my tea can, walked about, and after a look out, up and down the line, pulled out a newspaper, to sit down to have a read, for I had half an hour to spare.

I began reading, feeling very heavy all the time; and then, in an instant, I was back at the terminus, arranging with the superintendent for my place as porter, and going through no end of my life since, when there was a sharp rattling noise at the window, and I leaped up, in a profuse perspiration, knowing that I had been fast asleep.

I shuddered, and struck myself with all my might in the chest, thinking the while of poor James Gummer, and that I might have gone on sleeping but for this interruption; and I blessed Ned Hassall for his summons, as I opened the window on his side.

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"John, old fellow, I've got a nasty fit coming on me again; can't you let me come and sit by you there?"

I hesitated for a moment.

I was drowsy, and he would keep me awake; but it was against the rules, and in an evil moment, I said "No."

"Then give me some money, John. I must have brandy."

"Catch!" I said, laconically.

And I threw him a shilling, which he found after a little groping in the road, and went muttering away.

I stood thinking about him as I listened to his departing steps.

"The oftener he has it the sooner it will take effect," I thought.

And then I looked at my watch, and compared it with the clock, shuddering as I saw that I had been asleep for twenty minutes, and that a luggage train was just due—one which I had to shunt off to allow a light engine to pass that ran by at this time to help a heavy passenger train up an incline.

I had only five minutes to wait, but those five minutes were a time of horrible torture to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Cupid's Judgment.

BY G. D.

DEAR old grandma Wellington looked over her gold-rimmed glasses at Jack, with a world of loving anxiety in her blue eyes—sweet tranquil old eyes that were as blue as when she was a girl of sweet sixteen.

"Are you sure you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Her voice was sweet and quiet, and she herself was the daintiest imaginable ideal of a darling old grandma; slim, trim, always dressed in black silk and a white Spanish lace half-handkerchief in winter-time, and queen's grey silk and a dotted Swiss half-handkerchief in summer, with puffs of grey hair, on which lay a tiny little cap, and a string of solid gold beads around her neck.

And Jack, lounging on the sofa at the opposite side of the room, was her special pet—handsome, happy Jack, who never failed to make grandma do exactly what he wished her to do.

And just at the present moment the highest object of his ambition was to reconcile grandma Wellington to his engagement with Viva Morris, and in return for his lover-like enthusiasm on the subject, grandma had laid down the sacque she was knitting for little Florie, the latest grand-baby, and looked over her glasses and put the question:

"Are you sure you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Jack laughed.

"I have never considered it at all, when it comes to that," he said.

"I have a firm conviction that such things are settled by a destiny too high for poor mortality to consider."

"But 'poor mortality' is expected to suffer if experience proves 'destiny' made a mistake," she said, with a little laughing twinkle in her eyes.

Then a grave troubled look spread all over her face.

She shook her head.

"It would break my heart, Jack, if you didn't marry a wife every way worthy of you."

"And you mean you consider my little Viva is unworthy.

"What do you call then a 'good wife,' grandma?

"I mean one good enough for me, you know—a first-class A 1, no mistake."

His splendid blonde head lay lazily on his folded arms, and he looked with a mischievous glance at the old lady, who resumed her knitting serenely.

"I mean a sweet pretty good-tempered girl, who will be content in her husband's love, and who can settle down restfully to a quiet country life, and not pine herself away, and torment her husband for the follies of city dissipation; a girl who is sensible, economical, not ashamed to do her own work.

"It needs be, who will save what you earn, and think herself happy, because she is crowned with your love."

"And you do not believe Viva possesses those qualifications?"

"How could she, unless you take exception to the first essentials?

"She is sweet and pretty; but what's that by itself?

"She is her mother's own child, and Grace Moore the girl, and Grace Morris, the woman, was vain, extravagant, idle, and a spendthrift.

"Like parent like child, if they look alike as much as Viva and her mother.

"If you must get married, why don't you marry Retta?

"She's the stay and support of the Morrises, and as good as gold."

Jack could not restrain a little sign of disgust.

"Marry Retta Storms?"

"Not if she were an angel!

"I don't like her; grandma.

"No, ma'am; love goes where it is sent, and it's little black-eyed Viva or nobody, and I don't think it'll be nobody."

Grandma laid her knitting down again, and looked anxiously, thoughtfully, out of the window at the gorgeous clusters of wisteria blooms, twining around the piazza trellis.

"I am sorry, Jack—sorry—even if the Morrises are your poor dear grandpa's relatives."

"I am afraid you are prejudiced," Jack said gently, in his irresistible pleading way.

"Viva is as industrious as a little bee, grandma.

"She gives music-lessons, and teaches in the night-school at odd moments.

"And spends every halfpenny she earns on dress, and makes poor Retta work over the ironing table to laundry her Swiss suits and lawn wrappers.

"I've no patience with her."

"You are prejudiced, grandma," he reiterated convincingly.

"I know Viva wears out all the old garments there, and because she is tasty and stylish you accuse her of extravagance.

"She'd wear anything respectable to save a shilling, and I honor her for it.

"And it's more than Retta would do; she'd stay at home forever first."

Grandmother smiled—a bright sudden smile.

"You've put a brilliant idea in my old head, Jack.

"I shall make it my business to prove the assertion you have made.

"You say Viva would do one thing.

"I say she wouldn't.

"You say Retta would do one thing; I am sure to the contrary.

"I'll send them each a dress—respectable sensible dresses, old fashioned and pretty—that I wore fifteen years ago.

"They can be remade, and although not in the fashion of to-day, no girl with good sense would refuse to wear either to the lawn-party at the rectory to which Viva and Retta are invited.

"You'll see who is right, Jack or his old grandmother."

She nodded her head sagely, and Jack laughed, his face flushing warmly.

"I'll stake my life on Viva.

"I'll go further.

"I'll concede all you have said, in case I am not right," he declared positively.

"Well, we'll see," grandma Wellington said wisely.

* * * * * *

"Only think of it!

"Was there ever such luck, mamma—Retta?

"Actually a dress apiece for us from papa's people.

"Isn't it superb?

"And in time for the lawn party, too."

Viva Morris certainly was sweet and pretty enough to have won Jack Wellington's heart.

She was petite, with lovely dark eyes, and luxurious brown hair, and a rare pale complexion, like a roseleaf, with no hint of color on its pure pallor, and a little passionate mouth, as red and luscious as ripe strawberries.

Mrs. Morris, in the easiest chair the little cottage afforded, laid her novel down and looked at Viva interestedly.

"A new dress apiece?"

Retta Storms, tall, aristocratic-looking arranging her fair, massive braids more to her notion before the sitting-room glass, turned languidly around.

"Do not make such a sensation over an express parcel, Viva.

"Undo it, and we will see the contents."

Viva hastily brought the scissors and snipped the thick string, while Retta read the letter accompanying it aloud.

"My dear great grandnieces," it said, "I take the liberty and pleasure of sending you each a dress for the rectory lawn party, hoping you will be pleased with them and wear them."

It was signed in full:

"Mary Augusta Wellington."

Just as Viva reached the inner tissue paper Retta said enthusiastically:

"Oh, I do hope mine's a summer silk—changeable blue and gold!"

"If mine only is a delicious grey!" Viva said.

And then the inner paper was removed, and Mrs. Morris gave a shriek of horror that would have done justice to the occasion if the parcel had contained human bones.

"Her old worn-out dresses!" she gasped hysterically.

"Second-hand, horrid old things that a beggar wouldn't wear!" Retta cried, in vexation.

While Viva, keen disappointment on her pretty face, lifted up the quaint garments, so full and voluminous, and shook them out.

"They are old-fashioned as the hills, but they're pretty, anyhow," she said, the dismay in her voice almost concealed by her brave determination to make the best of it.

"Really, if there was to be a masquerade, this funny plaid silk wouldn't be so bad," remarked Retta.

"But there is to be no masquerade; and old Mrs. Wellington needn't think I'd make a guy of myself by wearing her cast-off clothes.

"I'd rather do up your suits all the week, at the dollar apiece you pay me, than be disgraced by such a toilet as that would make!"

Retta was bitterly indignant, and Mrs. Morris scarcely less so.

"It's old grandmother Wellington over again," she said, with what she supposed was fine contempt.

"Rich and stingy!

"I wouldn't marry into that family again—no, not for all they're worth.

"And you'll be sorry for it, some day, when Jack develops the family meanness."

"I'll risk all Jack's meanness" said Viva coolly; "and in the meantime I think I see a very pretty dress for myself in this lovely pink and silver-threaded barege.

"It's so awfully old-fashioned, I shall make believe it's new—just out.

"I'll rip it up and make it over, and put some pink satin bows upon it, and trim my rustic straw gipsy with a wreath of wild-brier to match in color."

Retta elevated her nose haughtily.

"And be an old-fashioned looking thing, after all.

"Mrs. Judge Mivart and old Miss Spencer are sure to be at the lawn party, and they'll recognise the dress, for the old lady Wellington and they were girls together.

"Fancy Algernon Mivart hearing his grandmother say I was in one of her cast-off dresses.

"I'll sell the horrid old thing to the second-hand woman, buy enough lace bunting for a new polonaise."

Viva held her little dusky head on one side, like a reflective bird, and scanned the objectionable silk.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Retta.

"Let me fix it up for you, when I do mine.

"A little of the lovely lace on mamma's black silk, and a new blue sash——"

"Don't talk such nonsense!

"I tell you I wouldn't have Al Mivart know it for all the world."

Now would she be persuaded.

The very same day she sent for the only "old clothes" woman in the place, and drove the sharpest bargain possible, receiving enough to buy a cheap showy cream lace bunting; while Viva set to work, ripping and sponging and pressing the old-fashioned pink barege, with the lustrous silver thread criss-crossing all through its soft fabric.

And at length, on the afternoon of the famous lawn-party in the rectory grounds, Viva outshone Retta and every one else in the pure, sweet, girlish simplicity and becoming loveliness of her toilet, that brought out to its highest perfection the rich, creamy tint of her skin, and the dusky shadows in her eyes and hair.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked Jack, after he had escaped duty to grandma Wellington, the aristocratic guest of the occasion.

"I like it better than anything else in the world," he said, looking straight in her eyes with a look that made her heart thrill with delight.

While grandma Wellington, and stately old Mrs. Judge Mivart and Miss Spencer, sitting in state in the red-and-blue striped marquee, near the fountain, talked the little matter of Mrs. Wellington's scheme gravely over, Mr. Algernon Mivart was an accidental listener.

"I admit I was altogether wrong, and I shall leave Jack and Viva fifteen hundred dollars just because that pretty little brown-eyed girl has displayed such good sense."

"I really quite envy Jack his good luck, especially on little Miss Viva's account," Mr. Mivart drawled languidly.

"I never took much fancy to the other one—don't like the style—too washed out, you know."

"And I've heard, on good authority, that Miss Storms actually charges Miss Morris for ironing for her, and that, too, when Miss Morris supports the family entirely. But, dear me, what a set of old gossips we are. Go, bring us tea, Algie, a lemon and an orange and a pine-apple."

CHINESE SERVANTS.—A Chinaman will look after his own interest even to the detriment of others of his own race. The singular actions of Chinese domestic servants have never to this time been explained, and they are mysteries to a great many housewives. House servants have adopted a novel mode of protection in their positions and they are aided by the employment offices kept by Chinamen, of which there are some half dozen in New York. For instance a Chinaman has a position which brings him in $5 a week. He hears of a position that would give him $6 a week, and he immediately endeavors to get it. He succeeds, but with characteristic foresightedness he arranges that he can get his first position back should the new one not suit him. This he does by writing on the wall. In some places where a new servant would be sure to see it, he writes some diabolical sentence concerning the mistress or master of the house, such as "This house no good; very bad pay;" "Lady she scold very much; no good."

In one case, a few months ago, a Chinaman wrote by the faucet at the sink in the kitchen: "Man in this house kill Chinaboy and bury him in the back yard." A new China boy is engaged to take the place of the one who has left, and, finding these terrible stories of horrible way in which the employers treat the servants, gets away as soon as he can.

If the boy who wrote on the wall before leaving does not like his new place he goes back to the house which he left, saying that he has returned from Sacramento or Stockton or any other place known to him only by name, and wishes to go to work for them again. The employers having had, perhaps, a dozen Chinamen in a week, none of whom would stay, are glad to get their old servant back again, and welcome him almost with open arms, utterly ignorant that he is the cause of all their trouble in the household.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.—A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to liars. Confession of a fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God reacheth us good things by our own hands. He has worked hard who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it. One hour to-day is two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Boughs that bear most hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You will never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

M. S.

## Bric-a-Brac.

DISRESPECT TO A KING.—In 1717 the following singular commitment to the Bastille was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV. of France: "Laurence d'Henry for disrespect to King George I., in not mentioning him in his almanac as King of Great Britain."

BORN IN GROUPS.—Great men and women come in groups, Socrates and Pluto, Pericles and Aspasia; Cæsar, Anthony, Cleopatra, Herod, and so on through the ages. There must be greatness to reflect greatness, and give back the key-note. Leo the Magnificent was intensified by Luther and Loyola; observe the alliteration of the three, in itself curious.

GOOD FOR DRESSMAKERS.—By order of a former Queen of England, the ladies of the court could not appear before her Majesty twice in the same dress, and the Grand Duchess of Florence, sister of Napoleon I., required the same rule to be followed by her maids-of-honor. These ladies were in great distress to know how to make the proper change, and frequently resorted to the deception of wearing a fine quality of colored calico, trimmed with their richest laces, to represent silk.

NATURAL NEEDLE AND THREAD.—How would the little girls in American sewing-classes like to be in Mexico? There the sewers have no need to purchase needles to sew with, for the needles grow ready threaded, and they have only to walk up to the plant and select their needle, and draw out the needle and the thread along with it. The needle is a slender thorn that grows at the end of the leaf of the maguey-tree, and the thread is a fibre attached to the thorn. Considering the quality of the cloth used, this natural needle-and-thread answers the people of the tropical countries in which the maguey is found quite as well as our manufactured needle and cotton.

RELIGION THEN.—A history has been published lately of the Catholic Archbishops of Tuam, from which it would seem that the prelates of the diocese long had a hard time of it. Here is a description of the celebration of mass there in Cromwell's day: "On a Sunday morning a portable altar and a vestment box, generally painted red, were brought into some convenient sand pit, round which multitudes gathered. The priest, without cap or soutane, hurried on his vestments. The lights on the improvised altar were rushes dipped in grease stuck in raw potatoes, and placed in lanterns, which served as candle-sticks. Scouts were stationed around, and mass was hurried through as quickly as possible. One of these mass sand pits still exists near Tuam."

A TRUE PATRIOT.—Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, when he was general of a brigade, entailed the censure of the great Napoleon, although the latter admired him for his genius and his bravery. The Emperor, in one of his characteristic fits of passion, deprived him of his command, telling him he should never again draw a sword in the service of France. Some months after, and while reviewing his troops, Napoleon saw a private in the ranks whose appearance was strikingly like that of the degraded general. The Emperor advanced towards him, and at once recognized in the humble soldier his once distinguished brigadier. "Lannes," said Napoleon, "I thought I ordered that you should never again draw a sword in the French service." "You did, sire," replied the private; "but you can't prevent me from fighting for my country with a musket."

PERSIAN WOMEN.—A traveler describing his visit to Persia, says: "A few women were seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called—which passes over the head, and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard-long veil of white cotton or linen, in which, before the eyes, is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only look-out and ventilator. The veil passes under the chudder at the chin. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to the Europeans. The chudder and trousers are the invariable walking costume. Indoors, the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet-girl."

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS.—There is something extraordinary in a man being successively condemned to suffer hanging, amputation, and transportation, and yet undergoing none of these penalties. Such was the fortune of Chippendale. Sentenced to be hanged, he was respited, in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a newly invented styptic. For some reason, the experiment was not tried, and he was 'pardoned, on condition of being transported for life;' a condition he evaded by dying in Newgate in 1768. John Dodley, of Worcester, experienced an unexpected deliverance of another kind. Born with a contraction of the tendons on one of his legs he was obliged to wear an artificial limb for thirty years. One day endeavouring to adjust a church-bell which happened to remain inverted, the rope pulled him up with such velocity as to break the bands that fastened his artificial limb, and in the same instant relaxed the tendon of the 'game' leg, thus rendering it as useful as its fellow for the remainder of his life, which extended to ninety years.

## FATE.

BY G. A.

Many lovers have come to her,
  Riding up to her wicket gate;
None of them made her pulses stir—
  None of them wore the signet of Fate.

Peasant and noble have paused to woo
  The royal in beauty, the pure in birth;
All in vain did they come to sue,
  None of them in her eyes had worth.

Not tho' they were the purple of kings,
  Not tho' they bore the palms of fame
Genius or pedlar—she heeded not:
  Each one went by the path he came.

Many lovers have rode away
  Over the hills with breaking heart,
Never one of them touched her lips,
  None of them made her pulses start.

Now she stands in the sunset bright,
  Sweet mouth eager and eyes aglow;
Who is this riding across the light
  Of the red sunset, quiet and slow?

He pauses sharp by the wicket gate;
  Her white lids droop and her heart beats fast!
He it is with the signet of Fate,
  He it is who comes late and last.

Who can tell why his calm deep eyes
  Hold all the glory of life for her?
Who can tell why his tender voice
  Makes each one of her pulses stir?

Not even the maid in her dream of bliss,
  Standing there in the sunset late!
Only she lifts her face for his kiss—
  He alone wears the signet of fate.

# TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

DO you care so much already for Brian's opinion?" asked Quentin curtly.

"As one cares for the things that are utterly out of one's reach," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders.

"I don't think you need accuse me of being too particular, or of doing much to deserve Mr. Beaufoy's esteem."

"Why do you always talk so bitterly of yourself?" said Quentin fiercely.

"Where is the harm of our spending a few happy hours together, cousins as we are?

"Is your home such a delightful place, or your step-mother such a worthy guardian, that you feel bound to sacrifice yourself and me to some prudish notion of propriety?

"Ninon, come with me to this ball.

"There will be a moon—we can drive back early.

"Tiffany will be with you; who need ever know anything about it?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Ninon indifferently.

She was hardly listening to him.

Her thoughts had gone back to the silent picture-gallery at the Priory, where now, in the low and golden evening light, Denis Beaufoy was looking across at beautiful Gillian with the striped carnations in her piled-up hair.

Had Gillian ever done things one day that she was ashamed to think of the next?

What would Colonel Denis have thought of her if she had stolen out of the house one evening, taking her little sister with her, and wearing a ball-dress under her long cloak, and had driven with her cousin a distance of twelve miles to a ball, to steal back again and be admitted by a servant to the house where her step-mother slept unsuspecting?

"Then why do you hesitate?" urged Quentin, whose eyes were fixed on the girl's exquisite and most unhappy face.

"You hardly care much for Mrs. Masserene's opinion.

"Is it Brian's, pray, that prevents you from giving me this one last delight?

"Ninon, can you so coldly give up the thought of a long waltz together?

"I wish I could.

"It seems to me that I could risk wellnigh everything in the world to secure it, Ninon."

"What do men ever risk?" said Ninon, with a careless laugh.

"Who cares what they would do or say?"

"I for one," returned her cousin, in a low voice, "will do whatever you may choose me to do.

"I am going away soon—I am compelled to go.

"But at a word from you I am ready to break with the world and stay."

He was always making these vague speeches.

But his face and his voice seemed fraught with more meaning than the words he permitted himself to say.

Ninon looked at him, with a bitter pain in her great eyes.

"Risk nothing for me," she said briefly.

"I am not worth it."

"You do not believe me?"

"No," she said, laughing.

"Why should I?"

"Do you need proof?

"Give me a day or two—the time to write and to receive a letter—and I will come to you and say to you that I have kept my word, and——"

"Hush—hush!" cried the girl, her lips quivering.

"You are talking madly, Quentin.

"Let me go!"—for he snatched her hand and laid it for a moment to his cheek.

"You have no right to say, I have no right to listen to such wild words," she went on, drawing her hand from him.

He looked at her searchingly.

"You have no right to hear them?" he said quickly.

"Ninon, who has the right to forbid you to listen to me?"

She broke into a laugh.

She had never been so near betraying her secret before.

"Everyone," she said.

"My step-mother, Madame Du Mottay, Mr. Melladew, all our little world—why need you ask?"

"And Brian?" sneered Quentin, who was as pale as she.

"If Brian were not expected back this week, you would not have refused, perhaps, to drive with me to Portheln and to waltz with me once before I go?"

Ninon flushed.

Yes, it was true.

It was the thought of her picture which had made her hesitate.

Was there ever anything so absurd?

How Mr. Beaufoy himself would have laughed!

How little flattered he would have felt by this unasked-for deference to his opinion on the part of a person of whose very existence he was oblivious!

"Since you put it in that pathetic way," she said, slightly shrugging her shoulders, "and since it is rather too late in the day to consider Mrs. Grundy——"

Quentin caught eagerly at her hand.

"You will go?" he said, looking with troubled eyes into her face, where the old curious expression of mingled irony and melancholy was day by day becoming more settled and more striking.

"Yes," she said, with indifference, "if you will arrange everything properly.

"I will bring Tiff; and I will tell all the lies and arrange all the mystification at home.

"She shall have nothing to do with it."

Quentin suddenly lifted the hand he held to his lips for a moment.

"I wish I could let you go—give you back your word," he said, hoarsely; "but I cannot."

"I would not take it back if you did," said the girl, with a laugh.

"It is so long since I have been to a ball."

"You will dance with no one but me?"

"Is it likely that I should?

"And then your steps suit me so well.

"I must go now"—as the village clock struck six.

"Where is Tiff?

"Oh, under the trees there, with her hands full of blue-bells!"

The conversation had taken place in the park, where the cousins met daily, and where Tiffany was the most good-tempered of chaperons.

"Come, Tiff, child!

"I am going home."

And she added hurriedly to Quentin:

"We shall be ready for you as soon as it is dark on Thursday night.

"I am anxious to prove to you that I can dispense with even Mr. Beaufoy's good opinion when it stands in the way of the gratification of a whim."

On the day of the ball Quentin left the Priory.

He was supposed to have gone on to London; but in reality only as far as Dingley, where he was to dress for the ball, and whence he was to drive to a certain spot on the Marybridge road, leaving his horses there, and walking to Laurel Lodge for the two girls, who were to come down at a given signal.

The afternoon at the inn seemed intolerably long.

Quentin could not have believed it possible for any woman in the world to cause in him the fever of anxiety and expectation in which the hours were passed.

He tried in vain to define the remarkable influence which this girl had in so short a time obtained over him.

It was not her beauty, great and undeniable as that beauty was.

Her face had attracted him, no doubt, in their first interview; but, as he had been thrown more and more into her society, he had been surprised to find how small a part of her charm was due to her loveliness, and how difficult, now almost impossible it was to determine in what it did consist.

Perhaps, it was her capriciousness, the curious blending of recklessness and melancholy which distinguished her; but he could not tell.

He had refrained from analyzing his own feeling for her so far; he felt that it would be safer to continue to do so.

In truth, he was puzzled, fascinated, miserable.

No other woman could have gone to such wild lengths with him without serious danger.

There were days when Ninon appeared so reckless, so lost to everthing but her whim of the moment, but the urgent need of some mesmerizing, stupefying excitement, that Quentin, who was not altogether unconscious of her liking for him, believed her capable of acceding to any, the maddest proposal he might make.

But then would come some chilling word or look, some weariness of herself of him, and he was as ready to suspect that she was playing with him, and that in spite of his varied experience of womankind, he had been wasting his time at the feet of a finished coquette.

With this thought would come a sudden rush of relief.

He liked at such times to remind himself that he had warned Ninon, at their very first meeting, of his own dubious reputation.

If she were indeed amusing herself at his expense, could she blame him if he in return——

It was not easy to know whether indeed he was amusing himself with this beautiful, restless, unhappy woman whom fate had thrown in his way, or whether, in spite of himself, and in defiance of his long-formed opinions and principles, he were not falling every day more and more deeply in love with her.

As he drove down to Marybridge that night, he was resolving that he would put an end to such an unsatisfactory and dangerous position.

Nothing should induce him to return to the Priory.

For that one evening he would satisfy his soul with looking at the strange beauty of Ninon Masserene; he would listen to the music of her voice, of her mocking laughter, of her sudden thrilling whispers; he would hold her in his arms, and murmur in her ear, and have her for his very own for the space of a waltz—and then he would let her go, with her subtle and provoking charm; he would awake from the summer-dream of passion, romance, mystery, and go soberly back into the commonplace marriages and clubs and weariness of spirit, and all this should be as though it had never been.

In spite of his resolution, his heart was beating heavily as he approached the gate of Laurel Lodge, and saw the small house and its surrounding shrubbery quietly sleeping on the edge of the moonlit road.

Mrs. Masserene's room was in front.

It had been agreed that he was to make his way round to the window of the back drawing-room, which opened on to the garden, and there await Ninon's appearance.

The moon was rising, and cast his shadow across the graveled path as he walked cautiously up to the house, keeping well behind the laurel hedge on which Mrs. Masserene's windows looked down.

At the back of the house there was a verandah overgrown with creepers which sheltered him from possible eyes in the neighboring cottages; and under this he took up his position at the drawing-room window, and waited till Ninon should appear.

He was some few minutes before his time; but, as he waited, the few minutes seemed like an hour, and he began to feel as though he had been tricked.

Perhaps she had never meant to go.

She was capable even of changing her mind at the last moment and leaving him there to make what he chose of her absence.

The young man felt suddenly as if he were going to be robbed of a great delight.

The undignified nature of the situation appeared to him just then of small importance compared with the dread that he was going to lose his waltzes with Ninon, his drive with her in the moonlight, the delicious knowledge of a secret known only to them which the ball would leave behind.

But, as he was thinking all this, he heard at last a cautious hand upon the shutter near which he stood, a bolt was withdrawn, a hinge creaked, and in a moment more Ninon's voice called to him softly through the open French window and bade him come in.

He obeyed noiselessly, and entered the darkened room, where one long moonbeam, falling through the scarcely-opened shutters, showed him a cloaked figure awaiting him.

A cold little hand was put out to take his.

"Come in," Ninon said, in a whisper.

"Close the shutter, and let us light the candle, that I may find my fan, which I have dropped.

Quentin took a match-box from his overcoat-pocket and struck a light.

"Here is a candle," said the trembling voice; and he took it from her.

As the light grew clearer, he turned and looked at her, holding the candle aloft; and a smothered cry burst from his lips.

The cloaked figure was gone, and in its place stood, as it seemed to him, the pictured beauty of the Beaufoy gallery.

"Is it like?" asked Ninon, smiling feverishly.

She had altered one of her white satin dresses to the quaint fashion of Gillian's seventeenth century sacque.

She had piled her black hair high, and decked it with a large striped carnation.

She had tied a plaited ruche of white satin round her slender throat, and covered her beautiful arms with long and wrinkled white gloves, and, as she stood in the dim light of the solitary candle, she fell involuntarily into the pretty pensive pose of the dead and gone maiden in her golden frame.

"Is it like?" she asked again, as Quentin did not answer.

"You see I have stepped out of my picture under Mr. Beaufoy's very eyes.

"Are you convinced now that I consider myself quite outside the pale of his esteem?"

Quentin burst into an eager whisper of admiration, of repressed passion.

It occurred to him that such a figure at the race-ball of the little watering-place for which they were bound could hardly fail to excite much comment, not only for its beauty, but for its singular attire.

But, after all, the fashions of the day were elastic; the dress was not unlike a modern ball-gown, and they were certain to be quite unknown at Portheln.

The place was full of strangers and the season at its height.

"Where is your cloak?" he whispered; and he picked it up and carefully fastened the great clasps under the white chin.

"There—are you warm enough?

"Call Tiffany at once, and let us go—we have no time to lose."

"Tiffany!"

Ninon broke into a little laugh.

"Tiffany is in bed and fast asleep."

"Ninon!"

"Did you really suppose I would involve the child in any such discreditable escapade as this?" the girl went on calmly.

"I am ready to go with you, you see.

"If you are afraid to take me, say so at once, and go without me.

"At any rate, I have had the pleasure of dressing for the ball; I will content myself with that."

He looked at her for a moment, hesitating.

Her great black-lashed blue eyes were blazing with excitement and fever under the hood of her long fur-lined cloak.

She was smiling at him, with her head a little on one side, still in the pretty pose of the picture.

How could he give her up?

How could he let her go?

They were cousins—nobody need ever know—she was safe with him.

"Come!" he said again abruptly; and in a moment or two more they were out on the moonlit verandah, the floor of which was checkered with the motionless shadows of the climbing plants with which it was trained, and was carefully closing the long French window behind them.

They got safely down the laurel walk and through the gate, and began to walk quickly towards the spot where Quentin had left the carriage.

Neither said very much.

Quentin announced once briefly that he had the tickets, and Ninon said that they must arrive quickly, or the ball would be nearly over when they got there.

All the houses were asleep, with blinds drawn down and windows glimmering darkly in the moonlight.

They did not meet a soul on their way.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Quentin fervently, as he put his cousin into the carriage, carefully protecting her skirts and folding her wrap her cloak well about her bare throat and arms.

"We are safe now, I think.

"No one can rob us of our dance together, at all events; and I suppose we have both made up our minds to take the chances of a row to-morrow morning."

"Of course," said the girl with a light laugh.

"But I have been thinking, Quentin.

"I have taken a great fancy into my head.

"Drive back to the Priory, will you, before we start for Portheln?"

"To the Priory?" cried the young man, aghast.

"For what, in the name of all that is fantastic?"

"Oh, for the same reason as one does anything else—for the same reason as we are going to this stupid ball!

"Because it will amuse me to go there.

"I want to walk in the picture-gallery and see whether Denis Beaufoy will start out of his frame with horror at the sight of us two intruders on his moonlit solitude."

"But——"

"No 'buts,' please," said Ninon carelessly.

"You have your key of the small gate in the south wall, no doubt, and we can easily open one of the windows in the music-room and get in that way, without disturbing Mrs. Burney's slumbers."

"My dear child," urged Quentin, vexed, "what is the use of running such a risk for nothing? Suppose we are seen; suppose——"

"The same ideas occur to me about the ball," said Ninon, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"What is the use of talking, Quentin? I have made up my mind to go to the Priory and dance a minuet under Denis Beaufoy's nose.

"You can come if you like. If not, I will go alone; so please to open the carriage door and let me out."

It was not the first time her cousin had seen her in one of her impracticable moods. He knew her to be quite capable of carrying out her threat and finding her way on foot to the Priory in her ball-dress, if he did not do as she wished.

He lifted his eyebrows and his hands in token of reluctant submission, and gave in, but not without a muttered something that sounded very like an oath.

"It is provoking," said Ninon compassionately.

"But how can I help it if such brilliant ideas come into my head? It would be a pity not to carry them out."

Quentin did not answer, and they drove in silence along the road to the Priory, stopping at the low oaken door, of which, as Ninon knew her cousin always carried the key, as it led by a shorter route than the principal avenue to the house.

Once they were safely inside the park, Ninon's gaiety returned as if by magic.

The walk under the magnificent trees in the moonlight on that balmy night was a delight in itself, and it seemed as if Quentin's very evident perturbation and anxiety lent a keener edge to her enjoyment.

She took off her cloak and gave it to him to carry.

The moonlight fell upon the beautiful young creature in her glistening white dress, and made her shine with an unearthly radiance.

"If one of the keepers or gardeners were to see me," she said gaily, "they would take for a ghost and run away. Quentin, are you sulky or only shocked? Why don't you talk? Are you afraid that we shall be late for the ball? Oh, what does it matter—what does anything matter on such a night? I can smell the jasmine already on the terrace-walk! Oh, what fun it is; and how happy I am!"

"For Heaven's sake, be careful, Ninon!" said Quentin abruptly.

"If any one should hear you! Dear"—he stopped suddenly and looked with troubled eyes at the exquisite pale face that smiled at him in the moonshine—"I am not sulky or shocked. You know well enough that it is enough for me to be with you—no matter when or where—but it is I who am to blame for all this, and I must do my best to take care of you."

"To blame? But there is nothing to be blamed for," declared Ninon, laughing. "We are taking a walk together by moonlight; and what is there so dreadful in that pray?

"Here we are at the terrace steps. How strong the jasmine smells; You must gather me a bunch Quentin, to take to the ball. No; not afterwards—now!"

There was nothing for it but to obey once more.

The girl stood and watched him, singing softly to herself, and beating the ground a little restlessly with her white shoe, as he broke off spray after spray, and presently brought her a great handful of the white flowers.

Then she assured him that she was ready to follow him to the picture-gallery, and pointed out to him a window through which she had more than once effected an entrance herself, rather than take the trouble of going round to the front of the house.

"We shall be accomplished housebreakers after our adventures to-night," she said, laughing under her breath, as they stole hand-in-hand through the music-room and into the long drawing-room, with its ghostly tapestries and glimmering windows.

Quentin held aside the old embroidered curtains that hung in the doorway of the picture-gallery and let Ninon pass through. The moonlight was shining in broad and bright through a lofty unshuttered casement.

Ninon swept, in her shining white dress, into the middle of the oaken floor and made a profound curtsey, as she was fond of doing, to the assembled ancestors of her mother.

"Messieures—Mesdames," she said, bowing profoundly to one side and the other, while Quentin stood, with folded arms, and looked on: and then, going over to the picture of which, in her flushed and eager beauty, she looked so exact a counterpart, she held up her nosegay of jasmine, by way of a peace-offering, to fair Mistress Gillian.

"My pretty pensive cousin," she said gravely.

"I owe you an apology, really, for the unwarrantable liberty I have taken in assuming this dress.

"I know very well that, with the exception of our faces, you and I have nothing in common; that you have never done such things as I have done; that you never in all your short life knew what it was to wake up in the morning and feel your cheeks burn for all the wild speeches you had uttered the day before and all the stupid and unmeaning follies you had committed."

"Ninon," urged Quentin hurriedly, "have you any idea how late it is?"

"That is another cousin of ours," the girl went on, without taking any other notice of the young man's appeal.

"He is not much better than I am. Indeed I think he has even less excuse than I for his behaviour, for he is less unhappy. Oh, Gillian"—Ninon's voice broke—"it is so easy to be good, I am sure, if you are happy! And, if you are not—— But I did not come here to excuse myself—no. Indeed—rather to accuse myself, to make a clean breast of it before all my grand relatives, so that they may know what to think of me the next time I enter this stately old room of theirs, where my mother played once perhaps when she was a little child, or walked and dreamed, as you did once, you pretty pale Gillian, when she grew up and had something to dream about!"

"Ninon, my dear child," pleaded Quentin, "you will only make yourself ill with all this nonsense.

"Come away like a good girl! Come and dance away the cobwebs out of your little brain!"

"You hear him?"

Ninon went on, folding her arms, and still holding her bunch of jasmine, as she stood and looked up at the picture.

"I must tell you that we are going to a ball together, Quentin and I, without my step-mother's knowledge.

"We stole out of the house while she was asleep—and little Tiffany too, who has no one but me to teach her to be good and truthful.

"Is it not fun, and are not we very spirited young persons? I am sure I don't know why I am putting myself to so much trouble.

"It is hardly for Quentin's sake. He is a little bit in love with me, to be sure, but so little that it is hardly worth mentioning. And, as for me—well, he is very amusing, certainly.

"If there were some delightful impossible world where people never thought, or remembered, or had any aspirations beyond the idle distraction of the hour, where one forgot each day what had happened the day before, I believe I could be happy enough with him; we could dance and laugh our life away together, I have no doubt, and never feel very much bored. But, as it is——"

"As it is, Ninon?" said Quentin, who had come behind her, and was listening with quickening pulses to the girl's random words.

"As it is," she went on, still addressing the picture and breaking into a laugh, "he is going away to-morrow, and we are going to wish each other good-bye—most appropriately—in a waltz. When we are gone, I hope you will not be hard upon us. You were young yourself, you know, and perhaps you were sometimes foolish, or else why does Denis Beaufoy look at you always with that sarcastic smile, pray? Oh, yes, I am turning my back upon him! I really feel unworthy to address such a pattern of propriety.

"But you—you are a girl, Gillian—surely you can feel for a girl who is so wretched—so wretched that she does not know how to bear her wretchedness sometimes—who has no home and no mother and——"

"Ninon," whispered Quentin, with sudden passion, "don't you think you are trying me a little too hard?

"How do you think I can bear to hear you talk like this—to know that you are crying, and through my fault?

"My dear, I will go on my knees to beg your pardon.

"If you wish, I will take you home."

Ninon broke into another laugh, and turned, facing him with brilliant, tearless eyes that were blazing out of her pale face under her piled-up raven hair.

"After the ball?" she said.

"Of course.

"What put it into your head, pray, that I was crying?

"Charles St. Leonards always said that I should make a capital actress, and I suppose he was right, since I have succeeded in thoroughly mystifying even Mr. Quentin Beaufoy.

"Come along!

"I have said my say to Gillian, and, as to Denis——"

She lifted her eyes and looked, for the first time that night, at the portrait to which Brian Beaufoy was said to bear so strong a resemblance.

Her bosom began to heave, her burning cheeks to grow as white as her dress.

"Yes," she said defiantly, "I am going to a ball with Quentin, and my step-mother knows nothing about it, and it is altogether a proceeding that you would severely disapprove of on the part of your sister, or any woman whom you respected.

"But what does it matter about me?

"I am only luckless Ninon Masserene; and you need not look at me like that. I——"

She broke off, sinking upon her knees before the picture and hiding her face in her hands as she burst into a sudden passion of weeping.

"Ninon!" cried Quintin, perplexed beyond measure.

He stooped and tried to lift her from the ground.

But she only crouched lower, shaken by the violence of her sobs.

"Let me alone!" she cried in broken sentences.

"It is shameful, shameful, what have I done!

"And nothing can undo it, even though I am going home now—home to where Tiffany is sleeping in the little bed by which she prayed for me to-night!

"Take me back, Quentin, and don't despise me more than you can help.

"I was crazy, I think.

"I did not know what I was doing.

"But it is done—it can never be undone—all my life I shall have the shame of it to remember—the deceit and the unwomanliness and the folly.

"Ninon," cried Quentin tenderly, "what nonsense are you talking?

"Why reproach yourself for a harmless freak?

"It is I alone who am to blame.

"Come; you are worn out.

"I will take you home at once, of course.

"Yes," she said sobbing; "take me home to Tiffany."

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## CHAPTER XX.

MR. BEAUFOY and his sister were expected at the Priory three or four days after Quentin's departure.

Ninon mentioned the fact in her answer to Mrs. Strong's letter, and explained her step-mother's eagerness to be taken up by the heir and his sister, and the mortifications which would probably ensue.

The girl wrote in such evident dejection that Mary and Dick's mother were struck by it, and made up their minds that a little change would do her good, and especially a week or so of the Barnes Common air.

Accordingly the kindest of invitations was sent, including Mary's little friend Tiff—and the most delicate of appeals made to Mrs. Masserene by Mrs. Strong for the necessary permission.

Ninon, who had been looking terribly pale and dispirited for a day or two previous to the arrival of this letter, seized upon the notion of the visit with feverish eagerness.

It seemed to her that she would have gone anywhere, done anything rather than have to meet Mr. Beaufoy and Mrs. Du Mottay.

What she had looked forward to as a welcome break in the monotony of her existence now filled her with an unreasoning dislike and almost dread.

She told herself that the dread was of being further unsettled, by contact with the world of her mother's people, for the quiet life that awaited her as Dick Strong's wife.

And Dick was soon coming home.

His letters were more frequent and more hopeful.

His mother too wrote of promised promotion, of brightening prospects for him and for the girl he loved.

What was that girl to do up there at the Priory?

What should take her there at all?

Ninon argued feverishly.

It would be worse than useless.

It would be a species of faithlessness to Dick.

She carried her letter to her step-mother, and eagerly unfolded her plan.

She would go up to Barnes for a few weeks, if she might.

Aunt Dorothy had asked her so often, and been so kind.

She would be very much obliged—the girl spoke with almost humility—if she might be allowed to accept the invitation for herself and Tiff this once.

Mrs. Masserene however chose to be indignant and to refuse her consent.

"If you are not the most perverse minx on the face of this earth!" she cried, exasperated.

"Just when your relatives are coming to the place you want to go away—goodness knows why or wherefore!"

"It would be only for a time," pleaded Ninon.

"And I don't suppose Mr. Beaufoy and his sister will take any notice of me."

"I suppose they'll take some notice of me," cried Mrs. Masserene, "in return for my civilty to their brother!

"You could go on with him well enough, I'll warrant, because he's a younger son, and there was nothing to gain by it!"

"Nothing whatever!" assented Ninon bitterly.

"Well, then, you'll understand that I expect you to be agreeable to you cousin Brian.

"If you like to fly in the face of Providence, I shall take care that you don't.

"And, if it comes to that, I have no money to spend in gadding about.

"Girls are best off in their own home.

"I have no great liking myself for that Mrs. Strong and her sly ways, and so I tell you, Ninon."

"It is settled then," asked Ninon drearily—"we are not to go?"

"No, you are not.

"And you can tell them so, with my compliments.

"You're wanted at home."

"Very well."

The girl flung down the letter passionately, and walked away to her own room.

But, when the day arrived for Mrs. Masserene's formal call at the Priory, Ninon declared curtly that she had a headache, and refused to accompany her step-mother.

She certainly looked ill enough to warrant her assertion, and Mrs. Masserene had no mind to risk the effect of first impressions in such circumstances; so poor little Tiff was frightened out of her wits by being told to put on her best muslin frock and prepare to accompany her mother to the Priory, Mrs. Masserene feeling even that feeble support to be better than going through the ordeal of the call alone.

* * * * * *

"My dearest Brian," said Madame Du Mottay that evening, as they sat on the western terrace after dinner, "what could have induced that impossible woman with the agricultural productions all over her bonnet to call on me?

"And has Quentin quite lost his senses, or what did he mean by writing about our pretty Marybride cousin;

"The poor child is lamentably ugly—ill-dressed, of course—is she not English?—but ugly, I assure you, my dear Brian."

"Very likely," said a quiet voice from the basket chair at her elbow.

"Quentin's swans sometimes do turn out to be the other thing, like Lady Ingram's."

"Oh, Lady Ingram!

"Don't talk of that horrid woman.

"I believe it was all her talk about this Miss Masserene that put it into your head, or into Quentin's to come to England."

"I can't answer for Quentin," answered the voice;

"For my own part, strange as it may seem to you, I am beginning to tire of life abroad; and I think it is a pity to leave a charming old place like this to go to rack and ruin, as uncle Rupert did during his lifetime, or to let it to strangers, which is what I shall do if our experiment of living here for a few months should not prove successful."

"My dear Brian!

"A few months!

"Can it be possible that you have any such dreadful intention?

"Say a few weeks, and I will do my best to live through them.

"The house is delicious, of course, but damp.

"You must admit that it is very damp, Brian."

"I dare say it is, but not damper than Du Mottay's paternal chateau in Brittany, my dear Floss."

The little lady groaned.

"That is quite true," she said, with pathos.

"And, at any rate, no one plays the piano here."

Brian rose, throwing away his cigarette, and went nearer to his sister.

"Look here, child," he said, leaning against the jasmine-grown pillar by which she sat, his hands in his pockets, and his dark eyes looking out with quiet pleasure over his moonlit gardens, "you must promise me to try to like the Priory.

"I have made up my mind to stop in England for a year or two, and become friends with our neighbors here in Bloomshire.

"And how am I to accomplish that with any comfort unless I have a lady in my house?"

"My dear Brian"—mournfully—"I see what it is.

"You are going to marry an Englishwoman."

"Very likely.

"Why not?

"Are not you an Englishwoman, pray?" he said.

"Oh, a little!"

"Nonsense, child!

"Under all that pretty French polish of yours there is a solid foundation somewhere of British oak.

"However, to return to my point.

"What can Quentin and I do in this pretty old wilderness by ourselves?

"We could not entertain, naturally, or make a home, in the true sense of the word, of the house where our people have lived for five or six generations.

"And the end of it would be that, after a month or two, Quentin would take himself off, and nothing would be left for me to do but to let the Priory, and begin my old vagabond life again, of which I am heartily tired."

"Brian!

"I am sure it has been a pleasant life enough."

"I don't deny that.

"But it is time it came to an end.

"At my age a man ought to have something better to do than knocking about the Continent, or yatching for months at a stretch, with no other object than to kill time."

"What other object need one have?" protested Flory piteously.

"Oh, Brian, I see what it is!

"The English air has changed you already.

"You are going to become serious.

"You have thrown up your appointment at Vienna, and you want to settle here—here in this dismal place, after the seasons you have passed in Paris, after your life in Austrian country houses and French chateaux; and the end of it will be—I see it only too plainly—that you, who have turned up your nose at a hundred brilliant marriages which I have proposed to you, will marry an English girl who has never been outside her father's park walls, and whose one idea of toilette is a clumsy jacket made by a tailor and a man's hat and hobnail boots."

"Let us hope it may not be quite so bad as that," protested Brian, smiling at the excited little lady, who had risen and put her hands on his arm, and was almost in tears at the prospect before him.

"But it will," she persisted.

"How can we help it?

"Imagine what the other Bloomshire girls must be like when that lamentable little red haired child I saw to-day passes for a beauty!

"No, Brian.

"I cannot endure the thought of your throwing yourself away in such an absurd fashion.

"I will go away sooner than assist in such a sacrifice.

"I will go back to Brittany, and listen to five distinct performances of the Invitation a la Valse every day.

"I——"

"And those bills?" said her brother good-temperedly.

"What will Du Mottay say when he sees them?"

Monsieur Du Mottay's little wife wrung her hands with an ejaculation of despair.

"It is true!" she said.

"I had forgotten that.

"And Gaston has been so good this year.

"I dare not ask him for more money."

"Especially when it is to pay your debts at play, child!

"You foolish little Flory!

"If I give you the money this once for any such purpose, it is only din' return for your solemn promise never to touch a card again."

"Yes, yes; I promise.

"I swear it."

The little thing broke into French.

"And then there are the tradesmen.

"You know you promised to help me a little with them too, Brian; is it not so?

"Those *modistes* are such robbers!

"They have no conscience.

"And yet one must dress.

"What would you have?"

"That is settled then," answered Mr. Beaufoy, lightly kissing his sister's forehead.

"You are to give me the pleasure of your company as long as Gaston will permit.

"We will induce him to join us for a time when the hunting begins.

"In the meantime you will be out of harm's way, and you can exist for one year without your season at Trouville.

"And we will duly return the calls of our amiable neighbors, and open our campaign at the Priory."

"Always excepting the woman with the agricultural bonnet, Brian?"

"No, no; including Mrs. Masserene, of course.

"That will put an end to her.

"And I promise not to fall in love with with the little red-haired daughter whom I shall never meet."

"Yes; but"—Madame Du Mottay put a little finger to her lip—"now I think of it, there is another daughter.

"She had the grace to have the headache, and to stop at home to-day.

"Perhaps it is she who is the beauty, Brian?"

"Perhaps Quentin was only amusing himself at our expense.

"That is the likeliest solution of the puzzle.

"And now I think we had better go in, Floss.

"The breeze is a little chilly.

"Where are the dogs?"

Two little Skye terriers were asleep in a cushioned chair, and woke up as he called to them.

"Come along, you three spoiled little babies!"

When Madame Du Mottay called at Laurel Lodge, in obedience to her brother's wish, she saw only Mrs. Masserene, who received her with much secret exultation in the vulgar little drawing-room, and who was so much dazzled by the little lady's prettiness and marvellous Paris costume that she even forgot to mention Ninon, and to retail her grievances against Lady Ingram, as she had fully intended to do.

Poor Florry escaped as soon as possible, vowing vengeance against Quentin for the ill trick he had served his family by becoming intimate with such an impossible person,

And she told Brian at dinner that evening that she must have been mistaken, that there evidently was no other daughter, and that henceforth they might wash their hands of the Masserenes, feeling that they had done all that was required of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE;" "A WEAK WOMAN," "RED RIDINGHOOD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

HE began to whistle over his painting, but it was but a doleful business; and he stopped again to think, with a sudden swift rush of hopefulness.

"Perhaps, though, she does not love him?

"Oh"—with a shake of his head "but she does—she must!

"Where will you see a handsomer lad than Noel, or a cleverer?

"How could she help loving him?

"I must put a barrier at once between little Madge and my own blind folly.

"And here she comes, just in time."

"It is no use, Jack," Madge said, in gentle despair, as she came back; "Van says he will not come.

"It is really too bad of him!"

"Never mind, child," answered Beamish gently.

"Perhaps it is all the better.

"I want to speak to you all alone."

"Oh, Jack!

"About what?"—a little surprised.

She had taken her seat again at her pretty fantastic work-basket, and was going on with her darning.

Poor Jack's wistful eyes lingered on the sweet calm face, the graceful little shape, the busy hands.

"I want to know," he blurted out, "whether you love your cousin Noel?"

The girl looked up again, more and more surprised.

"What a funny question!" she said, with a little laugh.

"I should be the most ungrateful girl in the world if I did not love him and you too.

"When my poor uncle died, he left me a friendless, houseless orphan; Noel's care; and you know how good my cousin has been to me ever since."

"He couldn't very well have turned you out of the house, could he?" growled Jack.

"And what about your share in the good work, dear?" asked the girl.

"I was no relative of yours, and yet you have been as kind as Noel."

"Oh, very kind!"—with and ironical grunt.

"I wonder what we should have done, we two graceless bachelors, without our thrifty sunny housekeeper to look after us?

"Ah, you don't know me, even yet, dear child.

"I wanted some one to pour out my coffee and sew on my buttons, that was all. I am a deep fellow, I tell you!"

The girl looked at him fondly out of her sweet gray eyes.

"You dear old Jack," she said, "do you suppose I have forgotten?

"Do you suppose I do not understand, now that I am grown up, what a trouble and expense I have been to you both, and how hard it must have been for you to change all your careless old habits so as to make a home for a stupid girl who can do nothing for either of you in return except love you.

"And then you ask me if I am fond of Noel!

"Oh, you stupid old Jack, was that your grand secret?"

"I confess that the question was a stupid one, Madgie," said old Jack.

"But that was not quite all I had to say."

"I thought not"—nodding over her work.

Beamish put aside once more his often-interrupted painting, and turned round. His heart was beating in great throbs.

Did she not care then, after all, except as a sister, for Noel?

She had hardly changed color.

She had met his eyes quite frankly as she spoke.

"Madge," he began again abruptly.

"Haven't you noticed lately how unhappy and depressed Noel has appeared?"

The girl looked at him quickly.

"Yes, indeed I have," she answered eagerly.

"But I did not like to speak of it.

"Oh, Jack, is there anything amiss?

"Do you think he can have any secret trouble?"

"He is in love!" blurted out Jack again.

He was in too great pain to be able to pick and choose his words.

It was Madge's turn now to drop her work; it fell into her lap.

She turned pale.

"Noel in love!" she repeated.

"Oh, it seems impossible! Jack, with whom?"

"With a woman he cannot marry—or so he thinks—because he is too poor."

"Did he tell you so himself?"

"Yes," Jack nodded; "not ten minutes ago."

"He did?"

"Madge's breath began to come a little faster.

"Then it is really true?"

"There's nothing so very surprising in it, after all," returned Beamish beginning to walk about the floor.

"No, of course not.

"I—I suppose it is quite natural; but"—there was an imploring ring in the girl's sweet voice—"are you quite sure that he ——"

"Only too sure"—smiling grimly.

There was a little pause.

Then Madge said, a little uneasy hope ringing in her words—

"Then why is he so unhappy?

"Is it—is it because she does not care for him?"

"Poor child!" said Jack, pausing by her chair.

"She is over head and ears in love with him, though she does not know it herself."

Madge looked up, puzzled, into his haggard dark eyes.

"Oh, Jack dear," she said, beginning to blush, "she does not know that she is—in love!

"That seems impossible."

"She is such an innocent little darling," he went on, "that she takes her love for affection or friendship.

"But she is jealous of him.

"She turns pale at the thought of his marrying another woman.

"Her voice breaks, her hand trembles when the possibility occurs to her——"

He turned abruptly away.

"I feel an itching desire to smash every chair in the room!" he thought miserably.

"Can't I see the truth in her face?

"Heaven bless her!"

He was about to go back to the girl's side, and take her little shaking hands in his, and speak the few words that were to make her so happy, when, amid a good deal of distant barking and scuffling, the door suddenly opened, and a voice was heard exclaiming—

"Down, down, you ugly brute!"

"Hallo," cried Jack.

"Some one is abusing Van out there. Who's there?

"Come in, will you, and shut the door? Am I never to have five minutes to myself to-day?"

"Oh, Jack, don't dear!" whispered Madge gently, as she rose to meet their visitor, a tall soldierly-looking man, with a heavy moustache and dark close-cropped hair already turning very white at the temples.

"Excuse my entering so unceremoniously," he said, bowing to Miss Hesketh; "but there is no knocker, and I found the key outside, which looks as if your visitors were in the habit of entering unannounced."

"So they are," retorted Beamish, "when they don't know any better."

Decidedly old Jack's temper was not of the best that morning.

"But, faith"—advancing—"your doorkeeper was inclined to treat me rather roughly!"

Jack looked his visitor over with much coolness.

"Then he didn't like your appearance," he said, and he went back to his easel again.

The stranger drew himself up with a somewhat forced smile.

"His own appearance hardly gives him the right to be fastidious," he thought; and he added, bowing again, "Mr. Blake, I believe?"

"No"—painting busily.

"My name is Beamish."

"Mr. Blake does live here," said Madge, gently 'nterposing.

"But he is out just now.

"If you want to leave any message——"

"Thank you."

"The keen eyes under their gray eyebrows took a prolonged survey of the girl's charming figure.

"If you will allow me, I would rather wait."

"You have my permission," said Jack.

Whereupon Madge gave him a soft pinch and whispered—

"You must not be so rude, you great bear!"

The stranger was inspecting some of the music on the piano through his eyeglass.

"I don't like the fellow's face, child," answered Jack, in another whisper; neither did Van; and Van and I have a good eye for faces."

The soldier saw the little scene without looking at them.

"These artists are certainly not the best-bred people in the world," he thought, as he turned over the pile of music.

"The girl is pretty.

"Wonder what she's doing here?"

"You will not have much longer to wait," said Madge, with timid courtesy; "I hear Mr. Blake's step on the stairs."

"Of course she does," thought poor Jack.

"Can't I see it in her cheeks!"

Noel stared a little at the visitor who was awaiting him.

It was very seldom that any one but a few young men of his own set found their way up so high.

"Your servant," said the soldierly man, bowing; and Noel, blushing, but putting on his very best manners, returned the bow, and asked, with much politeness:

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"To Major Sprott Whyte, Wrangel's Regiment, Austrian service.

"I have called on a little matter of business."

"I am sorry you should have had to wait."

Noel glared round at Jack fiercely, thinking, "If it had not been for your confounded sketch, this would not occurred!"

But the glance fell harmlessly on the back of Jack's dark head.

"Don't mention it," answered the Major.

"Your friend has done the honors in your absence."

"Amiable fiction!" muttered the artist.

"Is the matter in question of a very private nature?" asked Noel.

"No, no.

"It is connected with your business."

"My business!"

The young fellow's fair face flushed.

"I mean"—bowing again—"your profession.

"I dare say you have a requiem or a de profundis in your portfolio there—something or other, in short, of a lugubrious description?"

Noel was still fuming under the word "business."

"An unrecognized composer," he said stiffly, "is sure to have his hands full of attempts in every style.

"But may I ask what has procured me the honor of this request?

"I have no reputation as yet.

"I am aware——"

"That is easily explained," returned Major Whyte, with invincible suavity.

"I am a relative of the late Sir Richard Gaunt."

The name struck Noel.

Had he not read it that morning in the newspaper?

"The musical amateur who lately died?" he said.

"The same.

"You are aware perhaps that my cousin, in consequence of a domestic affliction which occurred many years ago, had become embittered, fanatical, and lived an almost monastic life at his fine old seat in Sussex.

"Music was his only passion, and he squandered—ahem, I mean he devoted—much time and money to the encouragement of the art."

Jack was now listening as eagerly as Noel himself, and Madge's sweet face was lit up with expectation.

"May I ask," repeated young Blake breathlessly.

"Certainly," responded the Major, with another bow.

"He told me during his last moments that it was his ardent desire to have one of your compositions performed at his obsequies, and I make a point of gratifying this curious caprice of a dying man."

"Curious indeed!" echoed Noel, while Madge and Jack exchanged glances of delight.

Was the world to hear of their genius at last?

"I never heard of Sir Richard Gaunt until to-day."

"It appears he had heard of you however, for the poor dear soul was never weary of praising your music."

"Then," said Noel, in his lordly way, "as a token of gratitude to my solitary admirer, allow me to present you with what you came here to buy."

Jack stared.

What was the lad about?

He little guessed at the emotions that were seething in the young fellow's foolish heart.

Envy of this stranger's ease and careless refinement and air of fashion, rage that he should have himself been seen in the garret, the rent of which old Jack worked so hard to pay, resentment of the stranger's assumed right to offer him money as if he were a tradesman.

"By no means," the Major was saying languidly—"on no account.

"Business is business, and I could not think of——"

Jack stood up and came forward, while Noel was hurriedly searching among the loose sheets of music that littered the open piano.

"As you say," he returned calmly, "business is business, and the price of the requiem is one hundred dollars."

"I beg your pardon?" said Major Whyte, looking at him through his eyeglass.

"One hundred dollars," repeated Jack imperturbably.

The Major's eyeglass and Bond Street coat produced absolutely no impression upon him.

"Money down, of course."

"Oh, by all means!"

"Jack," cried Noel in a sharp whisper, "what on earth are you about?"

He turned round, livid with passion, and presented the stranger with a roll of music, which he had hastily tied up with a piece of red wool from Madge's work-basket.

"I think this will answer your requirements," he said, with the air of a king presenting an order.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Major.

"It appears to be an endless affair.

"There is enough music here to bury twenty persons, I should say!"

"Don't be alarmed!" said Noel loftily. "It is merely the orchestration—the band-parts—that make it appear so bulky."

"I breathe again.

"And if you really will not permit me to ——"

And, having fulfilled the object of his visit, Major Whyte quietly took his leave, all unconscious of the young man's fiery glances, his own eyes being fixed indeed in a parting gaze of admiration on little grey-eyed Madge in her clean cotton gown.

"Was there ever anything to equal the insolence of these rich people?" exclaimed Noel angrily, slamming the door upon the stranger's departing figure.

"Never," assented Jack drily, "unless it be the pride of some poor people!

"Look here, Noel, that one hundred dollars would have come in very handy just now for us, and for poor Warrington."

"But I have had a hundred pounds' worth of pleasure in flinging it in the teeth of that impertinent idiot!"

"Oh"—Jack arched his eyebrows—"in that case you have saved a clear eighty pounds, and I have nothing more to say! Indeed we have something more interesting to talk about.'"

"And what may that be?" demanded Noel.

Little Madge was looking distressed, as she always did when her cousin was put out.

"I'm going to tell you," answered Jack bravely.

"We have talk about you and—Madge!"

"About me, Jack?"

"Yes," said Jack; and then something like an imprecation burst from him as, amid a distant thunder of barking and growling from Van, the door once more opened, and a footman, bolting in much consternation and with many glances at his heels, demanded to know whether Mr. Blake lived there, and begged to intimate to him that Lady Blanchmayne had done him the honor to call upon him,

"Hang it all!" growled Jack, almost as fiercely as Van himself.

"We shall have the whole Court Guide down upon us.

"Down, Van! Down!

"Do you hear?"

The thunder subsided reluctantly.

And, amid a pretty rustle of silk and patter of high-heeled shoes, two ladies entered the little studio—mother and daughter evidently, both dressed in fashionable mourning.

"Really a very formidable animal!" declared Lady Blanchmayne.

"Dreadful!" cried the daughter, staring curiously about her with pretty wide-open eyes of forget-me-not blue.

"He made Jenkins jump until the powdow flew out of his hair.

"Didn't he, mamma?"

"My dear?"—from mamma in gentle reproof; and, with a charming smile that included both the young men, she said inquiringly, "Mr. Noel Blake?"

Noel advanced.

Jack, having received the ladies with a careless bow went back to his easel.

Little Madge made haste to offer chairs, and was lost in admiration of the pretty staring girl with the flaxen hair and forget-me-not eyes.

"I have a little favor to ask of you," continued Lady Blanchmayne.

"But pray don't let me disturb any one. I presume, Mr. Blake, you have something of a melancholy nature among your musical odds and ends?

"A requiem, or——"

"Not such a thing left," said Jack coolly from his easel.

"Another relative evidently," was his thought.

"We have this very moment disposed of the only one we had in stock; but, if you would like a nice funeral march now, we can let you have one in capital condition, and on reasonable terms."

"This is some joke, I suppose?" said Lady Blanchmayne icily.

The pretty girl was going about the room on the tips of her little boots and examining the sketches and bric-a-brac with which its walls were lined.

"No," answered Noel, inwardly fuming over poor Jack's coarseness, "it is the truth.

"A certain Major Whyte has forestalled you, I am sorry to say."

"Major Whyte?" echoed Lady Blanchmayne; and a cloud passed over her face.

"I see.

"Well, I will not be beaten; and, since the Major has carried off the requiem, I suppose I must content myself with the funeral march your friend has mentioned."

Noel bowed.

"I cannot think, of course, of bargaining with an artist of your merit; so pray be kind enough to name your own terms."

Jack was signalling from his corner.

He wanted Noel to ask enough; but Noel would not see.

"I will not ask you to pay for what I offered to Major Whyte for nothing," he said with careless politeness, as though he had clean forgotten the fact that there was only five shillings left in the empty cigar-box which Beamish called the bank.

"For nothing?" echoed Lady Blanchmayne graciously.

Her ladyship was in debt; this was far more than she had dared to hope for.

"Really, Mr. Blake, you are kind; and I shall be very happy to accept your music. But you will at least allow me to send some little souvenir to this young lady—your sister, I suppose?"

"Now that is something like!" said Jack to himself.

"This woman has been decently brought up."

"Oh, mamma!" cried the flaxen-haired girl, suddenly pausing behind the artist's easel in her tour of inspection.

"Come and see!

"It is Sir Richard's portrait!

"Isn't it, mamma?"

Lady Blanchmayne went over to the easel and put up her eyeglasses.

"Sir Richard himself!" she said, surprised.

"And what an admirable likeness!"

"Oh!" said Jack.

"Sir Richard Gaunt was our 'noble stranger,' was he? I began to understand now!"

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Lady Blanchmayne, "that you were painting his portrait without knowing his name?"

"Curious, but true," answered Jack, going on undisturbed with his work.

"And how came he to figure in the scene you are producing there?

"A picture of this room, is it not?

"I recognize the likeness of your sister, and of that very unpleasant dog, though he is only sketched in as yet.

"There is evidently some story connected with this picture."

"Indeed, yes," said little Madge timidly, coming forward.

"A story of which we all feel very proud."

"Oh, do tell it to us!" cried the flaxen-haired girl, staring at Madge now instead of at the picture.

"I love stories; don't I, mamma?"

"My dear Baby, pray do not be so indiscreet!" urged her mother.

"But I shall be very glad to tell your daughter how we came to know Sir Richard Gaunt, whom we have always spoken of as the 'stranger' until now."

"Oh, please go on then!" exclaimed Baby.

"What a nice girl you are!

"Isn't she, mamma?"

"My dear!" protested mamma again.

And then to Madge she added:

"We are all attention."

"We were all sitting in this room one evening," began Madge, blushing a good deal.

"Noel had just finished his symphony, and I was trying it over on the piano.

"Just as the last bars died away, we saw the door open softly, and a tall, dark figure stole in the dusk."

"Old, dry, wrinkled," suggested Jack, unable to resist the putting in of an artistic touch or two.

"Nose like an eagle's beak, ivory-headed cane, cameo ring on little finger."

"That is Sir Richard exactly!" cried Miss Baby.

"How clever you are!"—turning her forget-me-not of eyes to Jack now.

"Isn't he, mamma?"

"My dear!"

Lady Blanchmayne frowned at her pretty daughter, and Madge went on with her story.

"'I was passing by,' he said, 'and the piano arrested my attention.

"'Who is the composer of the music you have been playing?

"'It is worthy of Beethoven!'

"'The composer is my friend, Noel Blake,' said I, as proud as please,"—it was Jack who had taken up the story now.

"And then the old gentleman asked Madge to play the symphony over again.

"When she had finished, he walked up to Noel and laid his kind trembling old hands on his head.

"'Noel Blake,' he said, "you are a master.'

"And he knew what he was talking about!"

"After that," continued Madge, as Jack paused, "he sat down amongst us and questioned us about ourselves and our lives and hopes in such a fatherly encouraging way that we told him everything.

"I have spent one of the happiest hours of my life in this little room," he said smiling.

"Mr. Beamish, oblige me by painting me a picture that will remind me of this scene in after days, when your friend Noel is famous.'"

"With that," added Jack, "he pulled out a ten-pound note, which he gave me on account, and vanished before we thought of asking his name."

"That is all," said Madge simply.

"We have never seen him since."

"Oh," said the girl called Baby, drawing a long breath, "it is too short a story!

"And they told it so well—didn't they, mamma?"

"My dear!"

Lady Blanchmayne rose.

"Really," she added to Madge, "your little history has interested me so much that I am forgetting how much I have to do!

"Allow me to thank you for the happiness you were partly the means of bestowing on poor dear Sir Richard.

"You will not, I am sure, refuse to accept a little remembrance from me as a slight acknowledgment of Mr. Blake's kindness."

"I accept it gladly," said blushing Madge, "in my cousin's name and Jack's as well as my own."

"Your cousin's name?" repeated Lady Blanchmayne somewhat coldly.

"Mr.—this gentleman, then, is your brother, I suppose?"—indicating Jack.

"Oh, no!" returned Madge innocently.

"Jack is no relation at all.

"But I have lived all my life with him and Noel.

"There is no one else left—only us three."

"Oh!"

Lady Blanchmayne seemed suddenly to freeze.

"Come away, Baby," she said sharply to her daughter, who was about to shake hands with Miss Hesketh.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," she added icily to Noel, who accompanied her to the door; and, with the faintest possible salutation, she departed, carefully driving her pretty daughter before her.

"There goes a charming woman!" cried Noel, with enthusiasm.

"And what a lovely girl!

"Those are what I call ladies, in the true sense of the word."

"H'm!" said Jack dubiously.

"Did you notice, Noel lad, how stiff your fine lady grew all of a sudden when she found out that Madge was only your cousin?"

"No," replied Noel.

"You are always suspecting people, Jack, of——"

Before he could finish his sentence, the gorgeous footman reappeared in the doorway, and handed a little packet to him "with Lady Blanchmayne's compliments."

"Here is her present to Madge already," continued the lad, when the servant was gone.

He handed the packet to his cousin, who began to feel it with childish curiosity.

"I wonder what it is?" she said laughing.

"I don't like to open it.

"It is such fun trying to guess!"

Jack turned and looked at the little packet.

"Lady Blanchmayne's 'little remembrance,'" he said grimly, "looks to me uncommonly like—money."

"Absurd!" cried Noel.

"Let us see," urged Madge, undoing the packet.

"Jack is right!

"She has sent me money.

"Look—a note and some gold!"

Noel turned pale.

"Why, this is a greater impertinence than the Major's!" he said fiercely.

He would have taken the money and probably have flung it from the window, but that Jack, coming forward in the nick of time, intercepted and pocketed it.

"No more expensive treats to-day, old boy," he said gaily.

"The exchequer won't stand it.

"She got the music cheap enough, and she's not to blame.

"How should she understand the peculiar circumstances of our little household?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Noel staggered.

Jack did not answer.

"Can she have thought—can she have dared to think——"

"Oh, but I will run after her and explain!"

"She will not care for your explanations," said Jack quietly.

"We must remember that she can only judge by appearances."

"Nothing that you can understand, my dear little girl.

"Leave it to Noel and me.

"Madge is no longer a child," he added in a lower voice to Noel.

"You said so yourself just now.

"What do you suppose people must think of her living here with two harum-scarum fellows like us?"

"If they dare," began Noel hotly.

"That is all very fine, my boy; but, you see, at our first contact with the outside world we are made to feel what a false position we have thoughtlessly brought the child into.

"This state of things can't go on any longer."

Madge overheard the last few words.

"Jack," she cried, terrified, "you are not going to send me away?

"I shall break my heart if I am separated from you both, and from Van."

"Don't be afraid, dear," said Jack very tenderly.

"I am merely anxious to prevent any misunderstandings in the future.

"And the means"—sighing—"are very simple.

'Noel, you lucky dog, our little Madge loves you."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Madge, startled, and blushing rosy red.

"Who told you so?"

"Don't blush, you foolish little woman!

"No one told me.

"I saw it for myself a little while ago."

"But"—the girl hung her pretty head, shy, happy, startled—"you said Noel was in love with——

"I don't understand."

"It is you he loves, Madgie, and no one else.

"I was a brute to talk riddles and frighten you."

"Is that true, Noel?" asked Madge shyly; and Noel, all his bad temper disappearing in this unlooked-for happiness, answered with a smile:

"Hasn't Jack told you so?"

"Oh, I am so happy!" the little thing said simply; and turning, she flung her arms round Jack's neck.

"Oh, you dreadful old Jack, how you frightened me?

"And how I do love you!"

"Heaven bless you, child!" said old Jack, putting her gently away; and, as the lovers took each other's hands, he turned back to his easel, thinking, 'and so I subside into the role of 'uncle Jack' for the rest of my life.

"And now, Miss Hesketh," he began cheerily, "let me advise you to look to your tuckers and furbelows; you shall be married in a month."

"Oh, Jack!"

"We are too poor to dream of marrying for years," declared Noel bitterly.

"Why?" demanded Jack, in genuine surprise.

"Oh, you are thinking of the children, I suppose?"

Madge stooped down to pick up some work that had fallen from her basket.

"Bless you, the children will bring you more gold in their yellow curls than ever they will take from you for shoes and stockings; and as long as they have bread and milk they won't be particular about a silver spoon.

"I repeat, Mr. Blake and Miss Hesketh, you shall be married in a month."

But, as if wonders were never to cease on this wonderful day, old Martha appeared at that moment, bearing a letter.

The little family in the attic had very few correspondents.

The arrival of a letter—especially one of such imposing dimensions—was quite an event.

"Another order for a requiem, old-boy!" cried Jack.

"That will do to set up housekeeping with.

"Let us see."

The letter was addressed to Noel, sure enough: and, as he read it, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, Noel, what is it?" cried little Madge eagerly.

"Is it an order?

"I hope it is."

'I don't understand," answered the young fellow.

"Listen!"—and he read aloud:

"'Sir,—In accordance with the wishes of my late client, Sir Richard Gaunt, I summon you, your cousin, Miss Hesketh, and your friend Mr. Beamish to be present at the reading of the said Sir Richard's will, which will take place at his late residence, Woodsdown, near Bloomsborough, on Thursday next at noon precisely.

"'I have the honor to be,

"'Your obedient servant,

"'SAMUEL SMYLIE.'

"What does it all mean?" he demanded of Jack.

"I am inclined to think," replied Jack, the piratical, "that Sir Richard had left you a legacy—perhaps five hundred dollars.

"Don't you think it comes just in the nick of time, Miss Hesketh?

"You will be able to have quite a swell honeymoon."

"Oh, but not I, Jack!" pleaded Madge, with secret misgivings as to the state of her wardrobe.

"Of course you must go, child.

"It will be a nice little trip for you.

"By Jove, Lady Blanchmayne's money will be very handy.

"I'll take my sketch-book and pick up a few bits by the way.

"Old Van shall come too.

"A run in the country will do him all the good in the world."

"We shall meet our visitors of to-day, I suppose," said Noel, with an uneasy laugh.

"How they will stare!"

"And we shall hear your music properly performed!" cried Jack.

"What lucky beggars we always are somehow!"

"Yes," said Madge timidly.

"But, oh, Jack"—she turned instinctively to him instead of to her lover, who was eagerly conning over the lawyer's letter—"we are going into a new world; but what if we are leaving our old happiness behind?"

"Nonsense, child!" answered Jack cheerily.

"And, if we are, we shall know where it is, at least, and we shall come back here again to find it."

* * * * * *

It was the day of the reading of the will; and in the handsome old drawing-room at Woodsdown Lady Blanchmayne and her daughter were awaiting the eventful hour.

Pretty Baby was yawning and fidgeting and looking somewhat wistfully from the long French window where she stood at a very handsome young man who, stretched at full length in a hammock that was slung between two trees on the lawn, was lazily enjoying his morning cigarette.

"Oh, dear, how I wish it were twelve o'clock!" she said at last.

"After the will is read, Bertie and I may be engaged; may we not, mamma?"

"What do you mean, my love?"

"Oh, mamma"—pouting—"when you wanted me to marry Sir Richard, you used to say that he was very old, and that as soon as ever I was a widow I might have Bertie if I liked!"

"Are you a widow?" asked the mother calmly.

Baby pouted still more charmingly.

"It is not my fault if I am not," she said, nearly crying.

"I would have accepted Sir Richard, only he never proposed.

"I couldn't propose to him; could I, mamma?"

"Has Mr. Ffolliott proposed?" demanded Lady Blanchmayne, with patient impatience.

"It certainly was rather hard on her, clever as she was, to have such a lovely little goose for her daughter!

"No, because he knows that he must not, declared Baby eagerly.

"He is too poor.

"But when the will is read and I have the money——"

"The will is not read yet," snorted the mother.

What was the use of arguing with Baby?

"And here comes Major Whyte; so pray hold your tongue."

"My dear Lady Blanchmayne—Miss Blanchmayne, I kiss your hands," said the Major entering.

"You are first in the field, I see."

"Only on this occasion, my dear Major," retorted Lady Blanchmayne, with her deadliest smile.

"I am sure I hope your anxiety in the matter of the requiem, which I heard of recently, may be rewarded as it deserves."

"Ah"—coolly—"your ladyship actually condescended to enter into rivalry with me then?"

"It cannot be possible, Major, that you are still expecting to inherit?"

"May I ask if you are indulging in any such seductive vision, my dear lady?"

Lady Blanchmayne shrugged her ample shoulders.

"I really thought," she said frostily, "that you had passed the age of illusions."

The Major bowed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Scientific and Useful.

SORE THROAT.—To make a good gargle for the throat, take one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; sweeten to taste with honey or loaf-sugar, mix together and bottle.

IMITATION GROUND GLASS.—A very useful kind of varnish which is excellent for producing imitation ground glass, and will doubtless be found available for other purposes, is—Sandarac, eighteen parts; mastic, four; ether, two hundred, benzol, from seventy to one hundred parts.

STAINS.—When the color of silks has been destroyed by any strong acid, it may be restored by carefully wetting the spot with a strong soap lather, to which a little saleratus has been added. When the color has been taken out by fruit stains ammonia will restore it.

NEW BLOW-PIPE.—A blow-pipe has been patented in Germany in which the air blown into the mouth-piece passes through a valve into a caoutchouc bag, which is enclosed in the tube, and serves as regulator of the issuing air in a case of intermittent blowing. The valve prevents return of the air forced in.

PAPER CUPS.—Paper has come into use in some of the restaurants in Berlin as plates for dry or semi-dry articles of food. There is no reason why glazed paper cups should not be employed at railroad stations, so that passengers could take a cup of coffee along with them, instead of hastily drinking it at a lunch-counter.

A COMMON MISTAKE.—A very common mistake in dwelling-houses is to fix a stove on a sheet of iron or other metal, laid directly on the wood flooring. This, though intended as a measure of safety, is really an invitation to danger, for the metal soon becomes heated, and, as the wood beneath it is dislocated, the chances of fire are heightened. The stove should either stand upon a slab of stone, or else the sheet of metal upon which it is fixed should be raised a few inches from the timber, the space below either being filled in with some non-conducting material, or left for the circulation of a current of air.

# Farm and Garden.

CABBAGE.—This is a potash plant; of this element a ton of heads would remove 12 pounds, and of phosporic acid about four pounds from the soil.

BUTTER TUBS.—Spruce butter tubs are the best; hemlock makes a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long, and increases the liability to mold; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.

THE HORSE.—Galled and sore shoulders in horses are often caused by the mane working under the collar while pulling. This can be avoided by plaiting the mane and tying it up in such a manner that it cannot touch the collar. It not only injures the shoulder, but the mane also, which is one of the beauties of this noble animal.

PLANTS.—By vaporizing two quarts of tobacco juice over a slow fire, Baron Rothschild's gardener at Paris destroys all the troublesome insects that may be contained in the hothouse in which the operation is performed. He considers the remedy infallible, and says it rarely injures the tenderest plants.

DUSTING SHED.—A dusting shed should be in every poultry yard. It may be a few feet square, according to the number of birds, with no sides, but a good waterproof roof. A heap of dry ashes should be put under this, and it will soon be seen how much the fowls appreciate it. No fowl will thrive if covered with insects, and the dust bath alone will keep them away. Dry ashes must be used, as wet material is no good.

STRAW.—A German writer warns farmers against the practice of removing straw from land, as it tends to render the soil poor. Not only are potash, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., taken away, but a considerable amount of organic matter, whereby the moisture is much reduced. Care must be taken in restoring to the soil what it has been deprived of, or sterility will be the ultimate result.

CORN.—Careful experiments have proved that corn which is hilled will blow down more readily than that which has level culture. This can be accounted for by the fact that corn-roots run very near the surface, and when hills are made they are confined to the small space covered by the hill, while in level culture the roots run from one row to the other, thus enabling the corn to stand strong, as nature intended, and in no way liable to be blown down except by winds of unusual violence.

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**SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.**

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 27, 1883.



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### UPON FRIENDSHIP.

Men are too apt to lament over the fickleness of friendship, which indeed is deeply to be be deplored; yet in nine cases out of ten, if inquired into, it will be seen that this was due to their own fault in choosing such a friend, or to their own indiscreet actions subsequently.

The first and most important is in the choice of friends; and for this, it is very necessary that one should consider the object of friendship, and prove slowly—step by step, that there is such a communion of feeling and unity of purpose as can alone make friendship firm and lasting. If we desire to form a friendship for some particular object that we have in view, but cannot otherwise obtain, then our motive is unworthy, and we must not be surprised at finding a sudden cessation of the friendship before that object is gained. As friendship is slow in its growth, so it should be tough and lasting in its endurance; and there should be the greatest charity and forbearance on both sides ere one link of the golden chain which binds it is rudely snapped asunder.

Some one may say: But what is the use of friendship? It is this—the intermingling of ideas and affections with each other, which, if fully carried out, would bind humanity with an encircling cord, rendering wars and tumults impossible, and the diffusion of the arts of peace and domestic comfort more practicable.

In the narrower sphere of individuals, as Bacon says, "It is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds cause and induce; for as there are diseases of stoppings and suffocations most dangerous to the body, so are there also to the mind. We take medicine for the one, but no receipt openeth the heart like a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lies upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession."

The loss of fortune often is the forerunner of the loss of "friends," so called, but who in reality are none; merely attendants on fortune, and for whom, if we acted wisely, we should have no other feeling except of pity. And to guard against such disaster, let us remember that it is not the fawning professor who is most likely to prove the "friend in need."

Friendship real and true is that which suffers even death for its friend; that no hardship, trial, or adversity can shake off, using plain and outspoken admonitions and warnings in prosperity, and kind and gentle advice and assistance in adversity.

### SANCTUM CHAT.

An Italian statistician has just made a discovery that every human being at present living upon the face of the globe has the undoubted right to claim descent from no fewer than one hundred and thirty-nine thousand, two hundred and forty-five billions of ancestors, only as far back as the commencement of the Christian era.

—

On the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad orders have been issued requiring every one of the ten thousand employes to file a personal description of himself, with numerous points as to his history, and a photographic portrait. This is intended to protect the company against employing men who have shown themselves untrustworthy. At the same time the system enables good men to benefit by their record.

—

THE changes of eighty years in the costs of living are illustrated by a copy of the bill presented to President Jackson for board during his inauguration. He stayed at what is now Willard's, and was charged five dollars for four days' board. He bought five cigars, which cost him twenty-five cents; his breakfast on the last day cost only fifty cents, and the entire board bill for the whole week amounted to $9.50.

—

THE wool-manufacturing establishments of the United States now number 2,084, with a capital of $159,000,870. They give employment to 75,334 men, and 85,664 women and children. The average paid each toiler is $293.05 a year, or $24.42 a month. These mills consume 296,193,229 pounds of wool, of which 222,991,531 are of home production, and 73,200,698 pounds come from abroad. The average cost of the wool is 33 cents a pound. The manufactories make a profit of 30½ per cent. on the capital invested, clear of all expenses.

—

THE shop assistant population of London is estimated at about 320,000—larger than all Dublin—and there are no less than 30,000 shops employing one-third of the population, who work from twelve to fourteen hours a day without relaxation. A century ago early closing was general, and for centuries, twelve hours a day, including two for meals and relaxation, was considered a proper day's work.

—

THE dangers which threaten from undue application to study are not diminished by simply reducing the number of subjects. Pupils can be crammed to death on three subjects as successfully as they can on thirty. The abuse lies in the methods of study, and not in the character or number of the branches studied. Indeed, within reasonable limits the greater the diversity of the occupation the more favorable are conditions for mental healthfulness and symmetrical growth.

—

A NEW branch of industry has sprung up in Sweden lately—the fabrication of paper from moss; not from the living plant, but from the bleached and blanched remains of mosses that lived centuries ago, and of which enormous masses have accumulated in most parts of Sweden. A manufactory of paper from this material has begun operations, and is turning out paper in all degrees of excellence, from tissue to sheets three-quarters of an inch in thickness. These latter are harder than wood.

—

THE United States were practically out of debt in 1836, when the Secretary estimated the amount of public debt then outstanding at only $328,582. This remained unpaid simply because not called for. Funds were deposited in the United States Bank to meet this amount, and still there was so large a surplus, that under the act of June 23, 1836, no less than $28,101,644.91 was distributed among the several States as loans, which, by the way, has never been repaid. In all probability, the greater part of the $328,582 "not called for," had been lost or destroyed; so that the period mentioned is rightly referred to as a time when the nation was out of debt.

—

THE laws of England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Denmark, compel children to attend school. In the United States compulsory education exists in the following States, viz: Connecticut, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Vermont and Wisconsin. Rhode Island has a law which forbids the employment of children who have not attended school, which is almost equivalent to a compulsory law for the class that most need it. Texas and California have compulsory laws, but they are inoperative. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the laws are more rigorously enforced. The general effect of such laws, wherever they are enforced, is to increase the school attendance; but the rule in nearly all of the States above named is that the law is a dead letter.

—

ONE of the most remarkable things about a man's walk, says a contemporary, is the diagonal movement which characterizes it. The hands and feet may be regarded as forming the four corners of a parallelogram, and the diagonal limbs are, of course, the right arm and left leg and the left arm and right leg. By "diagonal movement" is meant that the diagonal limbs during locomotion always swing in the same direction. The arms swing by the body like a couple of pendalums, and with a speed which entirely depends upon the rate at which he may be walking. The athlete, anxious to complete the given number of "laps" in a mile or couple of miles, and outstrip his competitor, swings his arms to and fro with a quickness which corresponds with the motion of his swift feet; the business man also swings his arms with a motion which, if not so quick, exactly times with the motion of his legs. Now, if the motion be even carelessly observed, it will be found that the right arm swings forward at the same time as the left leg, and when the right leg is advancing it is the left arm that accompanies it. This diagonal movement of the limbs is the natural method adopted by man when walking, and it is the first and most apparent fact that one ascertains in studying human locomotion.

—

FOREIGN dispatches state that there is a growing feeling in some parts of Europe against the stove-pipe hat. In Berlin this shows itself in the most pronounced fashion on the last evening in each year. On that night any man who appears on the streets in this objectionable head-piece, does so at his peril. He may escape with his life, but the hat is sure to be crushed. In Milan, Italy, this feeling against stove-pipe hats is not confined to one day in the year. Of late no man can appear on the streets any day or evening wearing a "plug" without being assailed with hoots and jeers, cries of "doff that tile," and in case he refuses to take the hint, he receives a shower of sticks and stones. It is said this demonstration has arisen from the Socialist prejudice against the police, of whose uniform a silk hat is a part; but the origin of the warfare is not important. It exists, is carried on with unrelenting vigor, and promises to spread still more.

—

IN the extremes of hot and cold, touch is thoroughly deceived, a piece of frozen mercury giving a burning sensation like a red hot bar of metal. The touch which attains to such perfection in persons afflicted with blindness, is rapidly deceived. This is shown forcibly by the experiment of Aristotle. Cross the index and middle fingers and run them over a marble placed on a table, with the eyes shut. Under such circumstances one has difficulty in avoiding the belief that he is dealing with two marbles instead of one. The idea of roundness which has been obtained by a complex judgment, founded on the coalescence of several sensations, is here appealed to, but the usual conditions being reversed, we draw a wrong conclusion. The sense of taste may be likewise confounded by altering the conditions under which the gustatory operation is always carried on. Thus, if the nostrils be held firmly it is impossible to distinguish between applying an onion or an apple to the tongue.

—

To clean wall-paper, take off the dust with a soft cloth. With a little flour and water make a lump of very stiff dough and rub the wall gently downward, taking the length of the arm at each stroke, and in this way go round the room. As the dough becomes dirty, cut the soiled part off. In the second round commence the stroke a little above where the last one ended, and be very careful not to cross the paper or go up again. Ordinary papers cleaned in this way will look fresh and bright, and almost as good as new. Some papers, however—and these most expensive ones—will not clean nicely, and, in order to ascertain whether a paper can be cleaned, it is best to try it in some obscure corner which will not be noticed if the result is unsatisfactory. If there be any broken places in the wall, fill them up with a mixture of equal parts of plaster of paris and silver sand, make into a paste with a little water, then cover the place with a little piece of paper like the rest, if it can be had.

—

THERE is an impression afloat that society in this country is presided over almost althogether by young people, the chaperone being dispensed with, and the fathers and mothers put to bed at dark, so to speak, while youth and gayety hold high carnival with none to molest. The capabilities of our young people as leaders of the social rush for enjoyment, is a theme with which we do not propose to entangle our pen at present; but we would like to ask whether the father and mother of this day and generation are really considered trustworthy protectors for charges they have to keep. If the married people who gambol through the pages of the average American novel are fair representatives of their class, we rise to protest against them as being unfit guardians for the young and thoughtless. Marital inconstancy, as the popular diversion of the average matron now-a-days, has become the all absorbing theme of our best novelists—the gifted writers who are supposed to be building up a national literature as an intellectual legacy for future generations.

## ONLY A DOG.

BY C. WEATHERLY.

Only a dog? Yes, only a dog!
But I grieve for him night and day.
Should I be unfeeling as any log
That happens to lie in the way?
Just hear what he did, then say.

We had quarreled, some way, my brother and I;
And the sun, too, had gone down!
And the snow fell fast from a cloudy sky,
And Harry must go to the town,
Harry must go to the town.

So he started, and I followed on behind—
(We two were not friends, you know)—
And the falling flakes seemed to make me blind,
And I lost my way in the snow,
I was lost that night in the snow.

And there where I lay in my snowy bed,
While the flakes fell swiftly down,
Old Neptune found me lying half-dead;
Then he hastened away to the town,
Away to the busy town.

He brought father and Harry back with him,
And I was safe once more;
And we who were foes o'er some childish whim,
Were friends as never before,
As we never had been before?

But for Nep, with my unkind words unsaid,
I might have died in the snow!
Only a dog? alas, he is dead!
No wonder I grieve for him so!
Small wonder I grieve for him so!

## "Uncle Seth."

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

TELL me you love me—love me with all your heart," Seth Freeland said, passionately, holding his betrothed close to his heart.

She was a fair, dark-eyed girl, by name Marian Dale, only recently orphaned, and the heiress of Oakland and a moderate income.

She did not blush or tremble under her lover's craving eyes and thrilling voice, and her tone was low and gentle, as she said—

"You know that I love you, Seth; that I have loved you all my life."

"And you will be my wife in October?"

"Yes.

"Father wished me not to postpone our wedding."

"October!" he said, sighing; "and this is only April.

"If I could only be with you until we are married."

"But I thought you must go to Italy?"

"Yes; it is an imperative duty.

"Clara writes me that her husband is not benefitted by travel, and cannot live many weeks.

"She must not be alone when that blows falls, and to whom can she look if not to her only brother? She has been such a good sister to me."

"I know it.

"I would not keep you from her, Seth, though it will be very desolate when you are gone.

"You will write often?"

"As often as possible."

There was more loving talk, and then Seth left Oakland to meet the night train, the first stage of his journey to Italy.

It was a tender farewell between Marian and him, and yet there was ever in his heart the doubt of her perfect love.

"She can love!" he thought, sitting wakeful and impatient in the swiftly rolling carriage.

"She loved her father, and she loves her aunt Jessie; but she gives me only the quiet affection that comes from our long intercourse, and marries me because it was her father's wish.

"While I!—I would give my heart's blood for her.

"How can I make her love me?"

So over and over, as it had for many weary months, his heart ached with the same longing, felt the same void.

He would not even think that this heart he could not fill might answer to another's love, for that would imply treachery, and he knew that Marian was truth itself.

Once in Italy his task proved a harder one than he had anticipated.

His sister's husband lingered longer than the most hopeful thought possible, and Seth himself was prostrated by malarial fever and recovered but slowly in the poisoned atmosphere.

It was Christmas instead of October when Seth once more presented himself at Oakland.

In all these long months he had kept up a constant correspondence with Marian, and not one line of her letters prepared him for any change in her.

It was therefore a shock to Seth to find Marian changed from a tender, trustful girl, loving and sweet, to a sad woman, whose pale face bore traces of deep, lasting sorrow.

Not such sacred sorrow as Seth had seen there when her father died; but a restless, consuming, ever present misery, at whose source he could not even guess.

She shrank from his embrace, although she tried to hide the fact; she grew pale as his lips pressed her face, and never kissed him, as of old she had done.

What had changed her?

A miserable doubt he tried in vain to conquer consumed Seth, and at last, unable to bear the suspense, he questioned Mrs. Martine, the aunt Jessie who had been Marian's second mother, since her own died in her childhood.

"Aunt Jessie," he said, finding the gentle old lady alone, one morning, "who visited you while I was in Italy?"

"Visited us!

"We had no company last summer, Seth.

"You forget we were in mourning."

"But was there no one here?"

"Oh, yes.

"Roy Martine was here."

"Roy Martine?"

"My husband's nephew. You have never met him.

"Indeed he has been abroad for years, traveling with an uncle who half adopted him.

"It was a rather hard case!

"Mr. Hugh Martine, as I said, half adopted Roy, and brought him up to expect to be his heir.

"But about a year ago Mr. Hugh Martine married an Italian Countess, and Roy was not welcome to her.

"So he has come back with a very small income his father left him, and opened a studio in London.

"He came for a week to see me, but we kept him nearly all the summer."

"Did—did—Marian seem to care for him?"

"Well, naturally they were together most of the time, and Roy is one of those brilliant kind of men we generally find only in books.

"He sings beautifully, and is full of pleasant chat, witty without ever making a buffoon of himself, and able to talk of what he has seen without being egotistical.

"I got very fond of Roy," said the innocent old lady, utterly unconscious of the pain she was inflicting.

"He is an artist, you say?"

"Yes, and he writes me he is having some success in London as a portrait painter.

"I hope he will succeed, for he took me a little into his confidence just before he went away, and I think his poverty stands in the way of his marrying.

"He said very little, Roy is not the kind of man to talk love-sick sentiment, but he hinted at a hopeless affection, and it can be only poverty I am sure that stands in his way.

"He is one of the handsome men you see once in a lifetime."

Seth could bear no more.

"Marian is in the garden, you said?" he remarked, as carelessly as he could.

"Yes.

"Do not let me keep you, Seth," she said.

So he escaped, but he did not go to the garden.

Perfectly at home, he shut himself in a little room Mr. Dale had called his "den," half library and study, half smoking-room, a cosy corner for pleasant solitude.

But neither book nor cigar tempted Seth.

He threw himself into a deep arm chair and drew mental contrasts between this handsome brilliant artist and his commonplace self.

He was not handsome, though his face was one to win love and confidence, it was so manly and good.

He had no accomplishments, no brilliancy.

Not once did his thoughts insult Marian by supposing that the fact of his wealth influenced her.

Too well he guessed now the cause of her pale face and forced smiles.

She was striving to be true to her promise, to obey her father, to force her heart back to an allegiance it had forsaken.

Yet he must not act hastily.

His life's happiness was trembling in the balance, and Marian's must not be lightly-risked.

Long he sat in sad self-communing, his whole heart stirred, and yet above all pain, above all prospect of sorrow, he set Marian's happiness.

His resolve was taken at last.

Without seeing Marian he ransacked the card-rack, and, as he expected, found Roy Martine's card and address there.

Then he penned a hasty note, pleading sudden business, went back to the little country hotel that was his home when he visited Oakland, packed a small bag, and took the first train for London.

Not until the next morning could he nerve himself for an interview with Roy Martine.

He found him busily painting, and his heart sank as he took in the beauty of the genius-lighted face, enhanced by the picturesque velvet jacket.

The smile with which the artist welcomed a possible customer, faded into a stern set pallor as Seth introduced himself.

"I see you know my name," Seth said; "possibly you can guess my errand."

"I shall wait to hear it from you," was the curt reply.

"It is one more suited to the age of chivalry than to this prosaic nineteenth century," Seth said, trying to smile, "and one which demands frankness on your part as well as mine.

"If you cannot believe that I come as a true friend to you, as well as to one I think is dear to both of us, I had better leave my errand unsaid."

One long searching look the artist gave into the true eyes that met his own, and then silently held out his hand.

"That is well," Seth said gently, as he grasped it.

"We both loved her?"

Roy only bowed his head.

"But she never loved me," Seth said sadly.

"Never loved you!

"Have I not left her because she would not listen to one word of mine, her word being given to you?"

"True!

"Her word—not her heart. Do you think she loves you?"

"You try me hard, but I will be frank.

"I am sure she loves me, but you need not fear.

"She will be true to you, if it kills her."

"And do you think that I, who love her, would give her one hour of pain?

"I will stay in London one week.

"If you write me from Oakland that you are mistaken, I will return there.

"If you win her, I will sail again for Italy.

"I have written a few lines for you to take to Marian.

"Will you read them?"

They were very brief, to contain a whole heart's history.

"MY DARLING,—

"I love you too well not to see that you are suffering. If I have rightly guessed what causes you pain, be sure I shall not be unhappy if you accept the perfect freedom I offer you. Let your heart alone decide, dear Marian, where your happiness lies, and may Heaven pour its choicest blessings upon you and the man you love.

"SETH."

It was all done so quietly that Roy, even while his voice faltered in speaking his thanks, thought—

"He never loved her as I do, or he could not give her up so easily."

But Seth, locked in his room at the hotel, was not quite so "easy" as his rival imagined.

He felt like a man awaiting sentence.

Perhaps they were wrong.

All night he paced up and down, tortured by hope and fear.

One hour he told himself that Marian never gave him true love.

The next he recalled all the sweet intercourse of years, and thought such calm tenderness must in the end prove more enduring than the sudden love of one bright summer.

But Seth knew himself too well to let any illusion content him.

Marian, half-hearted, giving loyal duty, lacking entire love, was not the wife for whom his heart yearned.

She must be all his own, or he must live out his life alone.

The letter came at last that told him his self-sacrifice was accepted.

There was a long letter from Roy, in which his gladness would spring up between the lines, though he tried to make it meet Seth's pain, rather than his own joy.

Enclosed was a humble little note from Marian, pitifully pleading for forgiveness, a note that caused the writer hours of bitter weeping, for she read Seth's love now by the light of her own.

She would have been true, but she would not have made him happy.

Once he had guessed her secret, and so she made her choice where her heart was.

I am visiting at Oakdale as I write, and looking from my window, this is what I see—

A wide lawn, upon which is a rustic bench, and two gentlemen are seated there, each with a child clinging to him.

Not far away a lady is standing, tossing a ball to a wee toddler of two years, while a babe rests upon her arm.

Suddenly the elder of the two gentlemen looks up and calls—

"Come here, Roy, and play ball with uncle Seth.

"Mamma has her hands full with little Harry."

And Marian smiles at her old lover, knowing that the devotion of ten years ago has become a loyal brotherly love for her in Seth Freeland's heart, and that Roy has no truer, warmer friend than his children's "uncle Seth."

## My Little Niece.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

CARLETON sat lazily back in the crimson leather chair that was such a foil to his dark curly hair, Spanish complexion, and handsome dark eyes; and Lyle leaned against the mantel, in a picturesque attitude; holding a cigar daintily between thumb and forefinger, and blowing curling smoke wreaths from his blonde moustached mouth.

The place was the smoking-room of the Alexandra Club Rooms; the time close on to midnight, and the characters, these two young fellows, who took life very easily.

"Yes," Lyle said presently, dreamily following the dissolving vapor with a pair of the handsomest blue eyes that ever created havoc in fair women's hearts—"yes, I believe that time the woman had come, Carleton, and I took my fate in my own hands.

"I knew it would surprise you—it quite astonished myself. But what else was a fellow to do?"

"Surprised?

"Well, yes, I should say so!

"And it is a fact, Lyle, is it, that you are actually engaged to Alma Pennington?"

"A fact."

Carleton elevated his dark, straight eyebrows, and shrugged his handsome shoulders.

"Well, it's your own business—something in which another fellow has no right to interfere.

"All the same, Lyle, it strikes me you have made a mistake."

"A mistake? Because of the Emerson money?"

"Precisely," Carleton answered.

And then Lyle laughed and threw his cigar in the grate, and wheeled up an arm-chair, and ensconced himself luxuriously.

"I like money, lots of it, and no mistake," he said; "who doesn't?

"And I was already to marry the heiress, but by Jove, Carleton, when I heard from Lefferege what she looked like, what her manners were, I made up my mind that not even for the Emerson three millions would I marry the thin, light-eyed, loud-voiced girl my father had selected for me while I wore pinafores!

"Fancy me with such a wife, Carleton!

"Not all the wealth of a Rothschild would have tempted me.

"So I just made up my mind to marry Miss Pennington—she has a hundred thousand of her own—not much, to be sure, but still it is something, especially when you take into consideration her superb figure, her lovely, winy-brown eyes, her accomplishments.

"Yes, I mean to marry her!"

"Without regard to the Emerson?"

"Without regard to her."

"And she comes home from abroad—when?

"Don't know—don't care."

"And you think you're treating her fairly, Lyle?

"Quite the correct thing?"

"See here, my dear fellow, put yourself in my place for a minute.

"Would you sacrifice yourself to such a girl, simply to gratify a romantic whim of somebody else's?"

"But I'd wait and see for myself if all Lefferege says is correct."

"Nonsense!

"The whole affair has to be definitely arranged, settled, before Miss Emerson arrives here.

"She will have to make the best of it when she learns I am engaged to Miss Pennington.

"Don't you see?"

Carleton rose, looking at his watch.

"Quarter to twelve—too late to see anything.

"I'm off for home.

"See you at Mrs. Bell's reception to-morrow night?"

"Beyond doubt.

"The fair Alma has signified her intention of being present, and I am resigned to paying my devotions.

"You go?"

"It depends upon my tailor. If my dress suit comes home——"

And then the two friends parted with a nod and a smile.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gordon Clyfford Bell's rooms were thronged with youth, beauty, fashion and wealth, and Mr. Carrollton Lyle, conspicuous by his own manly beauty, stood gazing at the bright, particular star of the evening—a royally lovely young girl of eighteen or nineteen, with lustrous golden hair, and magnificent dark eyes which glowed like Cupid's lamps under their long dark lashes—a girl dressed in creamy lace, who had the grace of a duchess, the figure of a Venus.

"She's the most glorious creature the sun ever shone on," Lyle said, almost enthusiastically, to Mr. Gordon Clyfford Bell who happened to be near him. "Who is she, my dear fellow?"

"Who is she? Bless my soul, don't you know?

"Why, it's Miss Emerson, just arrived from Egypt, with General Malmaison's party."

And if Lyle had suddenly received an electric shock, he could scarcely have been more powerless for a minute.

The room grew dim, the music faded into a far-off sound, and then he beckoned to Carleton, just passing near.

"I must go home—I'm ill, I believe. Be obliging and make my excuses to Miss Pennington, there's a good fellow—will you?"

And not until he was once more in the quiet of his own rooms at the Belmont did he rally his wits, which resulted in the writing of a note, as follows—

"MY DEAREST ETHEL,—

"Words cannot express the delight I feel to learn you have at last come to your own country—to me, your betrothed husband, the lover who adores you. When may I see you? I am all impatience to complete the arrangements for our speedy marriage. Answer soon my dearest Ethel.

"Most devotedly,

"CARROLLTON LYLE."

"I will send it to General Malmaison's at once—thank Heaven the way out is so easy.

"And now for a letter of regrets and withdrawal to Alma."

At noon, the next day, Mr. Malmaison's groom delivered a note for him—an exquisitely tinted French note, with a dainty odor of lilac about it, but written in rather an angular, uncultured hand.

But, it contained the answer which sent Lyle to the seventh heaven of ecstasy.

"DEAR CARROLL,—

"Of course I am most anxious to see you as early as you care to come, and my good friend, General Malmaison, received papa's instructions for our speedy marriage, as I am to return to the Nile on the next steamer.

"Very truly,

"ETHEL EMERSON."

He shrunk a little at her ungloved handling of the delicate matter.

"But her foreign bringing-up accounts for it—it's nothing. I'll call at once.

Before he left the room another note was handed him—a dainty, elegant little note, in answer to his of the evening before, informing him that Miss Alma Pennington entirely concurred with Mr. Carrollton Lyle in the feasibility of the severance of their engagement, and that she was quite assured her own respect and happiness had been secured her by his prudent courtesy and judgment.

A haughty, high-bred little note, which made Mr. Lyle feel just what Alma Pennington intended he should feel — that she despised him for his unmanliness, and that she gladly accepted her offered freedom —a note that made his handsome face color with shame.

* * * * * * * *

General Malmaison's rooms were light, sunshiny—and unoccupied, when Mr. Lyle entered them, his heart beating fast and hot with delightful anticipation as he waited for Miss Emerson to come down, to smile upon him with that perfect face, to look in his eyes with those glorious dusky ones, the very remembrance of which made his pulses thrill.

And then a servant announced—

"Miss Emerson, sir."

And he found himself face to face with a tall, angular woman, perhaps twenty-two or three years old, with a thin, faded face, scant hair, and an air of insufferable egotism in every gesture, tone and look, as she advanced swiftly, with a smile on her face at sight of her lover's handsome face.

With a gasp he could not quite restrain he shrank back.

"This is not the Miss Emerson I saw last night at Mrs. Bell's," he said, a vague fear going over him.

"No," she said, in a high-pitched, rasping voice.

"Oh, no.

"That was my little niece, Olga, who came over with me to be married to Mr. Gregolu to-morrow.

"We take him back with us—it will be quite a bridal party, won't it?"

How he ever got out of General Malmaison's house, Carrollton Lyle never knew.

He remembered shrinking in absolute horror from the hair Ethel's suggestive smile, which showed all her teeth; he remembered muttering something of feeling suddenly faint—and then—he got away cursing his bitter fate.

* * * * * *

The next day, when General Malmaison called at the Alexandra Club Rooms, in a terrible state of exasperation, he was informed that Mr. Lyle read in the "What-Is-Going-on-In-Society" column of a Sunday paper, the announcement of the engagement between Miss Alma Pennington and Mr. Oscar Carleton; and he knew as well as though it had been told him, that their love had begun that night at Mrs. Bell's reception, when he had asked Carleton to make his excuses to her.

And in the light of that revelation, he understood the satisfaction with which Alma must have received her freedom from him.

And Ethel Emerson went back to the consulate, and married a middle-aged man shortly after, and was quite happy—thus leaving Carrollton Lyle to bear alone the just punishment for his selfishness, his carelessness of others' feelings, his overweening ambition.

## The Purple Scar.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE next time Gus Rybolt is brought before me for some of his numerous misdemeanors I will sentence him heavily.

"The rascal has a bad eye to my thinking."

And Judge Johnson stirred his tea vigorously, while a deep wrinkle grew between his fine iron grey brows, under which glowed his keen earnest eyes.

His little daughter Janie lingered to pour his second cup of tea.

She was very fond of waiting on papa, for Janie, though only twelve years old, was the old judge's housekeeper, her mother having died two years previously.

"Who pays all his fines, for you speak of his arrests so often, papa?"

"His brother Warren, who is as fine a young man as the town contains.

"I cannot understand Gus; he is handsome, bright, and might be anything he chose.

"He'll end at the gallows yet."

"Oh, papa!"

But reckless, wild Gus Rybolt was soon forgotten when the parlor was reached, and Janie sat down to her beloved piano.

A servant entered an hour later, and handed the judge a telegram.

"Uncle Rube is dying, and has sent for me."

"Dying! Uncle Rube!"

"Yes; are you afraid to remain with the servants and Mrs. Smith?

"I feel uneasy owing to that money.

"I ought to have put it in the bank, but have been overcrowded with work and business.

"Too bad!" muttered the judge a trifle anxiously, glancing at his little daughter dubiously.

"Oh no, papa, I am not afraid.

"Poor uncle Rube! you had better start at once.

"Don't worry about me; Mrs. Smith sleeps in the next room, you remember."

But the judge did worry and fret, not only over the danger of his daughter and his money, but blamed himself severely for his carelessness.

Even among his graver fears for his brother, the thought of thieves and burglars haunted him.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself to leave that amount of money in the house even for a day, for the place is so isolated, the servants such arrant cowards, and cousin Sallie such a weak help.

"Only Janie's brave heart to be depended on.

"Heaven bless her.

"Now what can be the matter with Rube: I cannot imagine; he was well enough last week.

"However, I shall soon know, here here we are at the station."

Mrs. Sallie Smith, a forty-second cousin of the judge's, and a confirmed invalid, occupied the room on the right of Janie's, while that on the left was her father's, and in it the iron safe that contained the money referred to.

"I am afraid I am a bit nervous," mused Janie, looking round her beautiful chamber with a slight shudder.

"The servants are quite a way off, and cousin Sallie takes so much laudanum she would never waken.

"I wonder if I would feel safer with the money under my pillow."

And foolish little Janie, having the combination of the safe, went to it, opened it and took out the roll of bills.

"Oh no," said a soft voice behind her.

"That is just what I want; I had no idea you would be so accommodating.

"Don't scream on your life."

And the bold fellow actually laughed as he seized her wrist.

Janie did not cry out.

She gave him one sudden, startled look, and bending her head, buried her white strong teeth in the exposed wrist of the hand that held her captive.

"You little tiger-cat," he cried in rage and intense suffering. "Let go, or I will kill you."

But ere he was aware of her intentions, she thrust the roll of money in the safe and sprung the lock.

"Now," she said triumphant, "get it if you can, but—oh, Gus Rybolt, I know you."

"You—no you don't—ah, well, you will deliver me over to your precious father before another day closes.

"Come, hand over the cash; I want to have some chance of getting away."

"No, you cannot have the money.

"Oh, Gus Rybolt, remember your sainted mother, your good brother, what will they think now?

"How can you be so wicked?"

"I have no time for nonsense.

"Hand over the cash, or I will——"

And the click of a revolver-hammer sounded.

Janie's eyes flashed in scorn.

"You harm a helpless little girl.

"You, who always boasted of bravery.

"For shame, Gus Rybolt: you are a coward."

But in a gentler tone—

"If you will make me a promise, I will make you one, and keep mine as long as you keep yours.

"If you will leave me now, and become a better boy—an honest, honorable one—I will never tell of this night's work."

The boy hesitated a moment.

The temptation to persist in his undertaking was great, but down in wicked dare-devil Gus Rybolt's heart was a tender spot, which beautiful Janie Johnson had held ever since she was a mite of a child, and he had taken care of her at school.

Harm her?

He was only trying to frighten her.

He wouldn't harm a hair of her head to have saved his own life—and she knew it.

"You cannot have the money, but won't you accept the promise—won't you make a compact?"

"Yes," he said at last, in a husky strained voice.

"Heaven bless you, Janie, and may Heaven help sinful me!" and he was gone.

And Janie, with eyes full of tears, slipped into bed, and after a long time fell soundly asleep.

But wasn't the old judge furious when he came home?

"An abominable practical joke," he fumed.

"There was Rube well as I am, and very much surprised to see me. I only wish I knew who did it."

"Why, papa," laughed Janie, "you ought to be so thankful uncle Rube is well, and not dying as you thought.

"How can you feel provoked or angry? I am so glad it was not true."

Yet, though the judge still frowned and stormed over it, he failed to discover the culprit.

Ten years later.

Janie Johnson was a lovely, stately woman.

The radiant promise of early girlhood was more than fulfilled, while the brave tender heart was unchanged.

The elegant reception of Madame C——'s was in full swing, when a handsome, kingly-looking man entered the rooms and gazed leisurely around.

After paying the respects to the hostess, he made his way slowly forward, and was met by many gracious smiles and greetings.

He was evidently a lion by the way the crowd gazed after him, of which homage he seemed totally unconscious, turning his grave earnest eyes round him in search of some particular friend.

"Oh, there is that handsome lecturer, Mr.——"

Her companion failed to catch the name.

"Do look, Janie, there by the window!

"Oh, I could not name all the grand and good things he is doing with his wealth and talents."

Janie Johnson turned her lovely hazel eyes carelessly toward the person pointed out—looked one instant coolly upon him, but her face underwent a sudden strange change.

The roseate color left it, leaving it deathly pale.

Her eyes opened wide and gazed upon him in amazement, as she breathed almost aloud—

"It is—yes, it must be Gus Rybolt!

"But what a startling change.

"Gus Rybolt, the great lecturer!

"How marvellous are Thy ways, oh God."

Slowly, yet steadily he found his way towards her, avoiding the attirements thrown before him, or careless of them, until he stood beside her.

Her face was no longer pale, but flushed and delighted.

Her upraised eyes were humid in their pleased recognition.

His first words were—

"I have kept my promise; have you kept yours?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she breathed; then added—

"Thank Heaven!" to which he gave a low "Amen!"

To say the judge was astonished is putting it mildly.

To find in the eminent lecturer and reformer, his old—as he supposed—incorrigible Gus Rybolt, utterly nonplussed him.

To an old friend he said confidentially—

"Yes, the boy has turned out a trump, and the wonder of it is, Janie thinks so too," and he laughed.

And Janie never tells of her robber, yet she kisses sometimes a purple scar on her husband's wrist.

"It was the beginning of the new life," she says, "the beautiful new life of an honest man."

## A Terrible Tragedy.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MISS PIDGEON engaged!" said Mr. Duckett.

"Well, really now."

Mr. Duckett sat at his little round table, in the cool shadow of the vines, breakfasting on buttered toast, and coffee fragrant as Arabian gales.

He had his theory about the gravitating power of the world; but he liked fully as well to hear about the latest quarrel between Mrs. Squire Allen and her sister, the parson's wife.

"A meddlesome old baboon!" said pretty Alice Dexter, when she caught Mr. Duckett looking in at the window one day, to see whether the tall young man by the chimney-piece was Henry Lake or Walter Fitzwilliam.

"A most intelligent person!" said Mr. Mountmorris, when Mr. Duckett confidentially informed him that he had overheard, behind the stable door, an active flirtation between Betsey, the maid, and Artemus, the hired man.

"I don't believe in all this kissing and hugging," said Mr. Duckett.

"And I thought perhaps you would like to know."

So that the public opinion of Standale was pretty equally divided on the subject of old Mr. Duckett.

He had been up nearly all night, with a telescope, looking for a new comet, and consequently was breakfasting rather later than usual, when Mrs. Hopkins, his landlady, waiting on him, in her best cap and apron.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hopkins, as she brought in a fresh fried egg on a piece of toast, "it's really true this time—to Mr. Paysley.

"And they do say that Dolly Dutton is ferocious enough to kill her, for every one knows that Paysley has been playing fast and loose with Dolly these three years, and has only thrown her over now because Miss Pidgeon's old uncle has left her three thousand dollars, and a set of silver spoons."

"Hum!" said Mr. Duckett, between his sips of coffee.

"Very extraordinary."

"Though for my part," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I never could see what there was about Alphonso Paysley to take the fancy of the girls.

"But I should not wonder if Dolly Dutton sued him for breach of promise yet."

Mr. Duckett was very much interested in all this.

He had seen Miss Pigeon once—a tall, pale, lean female in spectacles, of some four-and-thirty summers; and he knew that Alphonso Paysley was the clerk in the village store, a sort of "gay Lothario" on a small scale.

And pretty Dolly Dutton often came in to help Mrs. Hopkins with her churning, preserving, and household saturnalias of that nature—a rosy, pink-cheeked young damsel with a dimple on her chin, a mischievous gleam under her pearly lashes, and a mortal fear of the lodger's telescope, which, in her own mind, she could not altogether dissociate from a cannon.

"Miss Pidgeon engaged!" repeated Mr. Duckett, as he pushed his plate to one side.

"Then there's hope for the oldest and ugliest of us all—eh, Mrs. Hopkins.

"Even me?"

"La, sir," said the landlady, "there ain't any reason you shouldn't have your pick and choose of the finest ladies of the land!"

"Do you know of any pretty girl that would take pity on an ugly old bachelor like me?"

"Plenty of them, sir!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Then," said Mr. Duckett, suddenly changing the subject, "pack my bag, Mrs. Hopkins, if you please.

"I am going up into the woods to follow the course of the geological strata that underlies this locality."

"Dear me, sir!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I shall be gone two days," said the philosopher.

"Very well, sir."

And when the sage was gone, she sat down to her household mending with a sigh.

"I really do miss that dear old gentleman when he's gone," she said.

"It's rather hard to be left without even a cat to talk to."

It was two days before Mr. Duckett came home, and when he did come home he bounced into the sitting-room in a manner which Mrs. Hopkins afterwards remarked "nearly frightened her out of a year's growth."

"Mrs. Hopkins," he cried, "where is the constable's house?"

"The constable, sir," repeated Mrs. Hopkins.

"It's on the corner of the old Mill Road—the redbrick cottage with the creepers all over it.

"But, begging your pardon, sir, what can you possibly want with the constable?"

"Woman," hissed Mr. Duckett, between his set teeth, "there has been a terrible tragedy!

"It must be investigated!"

"Sir?" said Mrs. Hopkins, more bewildered than ever.

"Is it possible that you haven't heard?" he said.

"Heard what?"

"Of the murder!"

"Bless and save us, sir!" she said, jumping up.

"What are you talking about?"

He looked intently at her.

"Woman," said he, "have you seen Miss Pigeon lately?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I have not," said Mrs. Hopkins, wondering greatly.

"But I'm told she's gone to Lowell, a visitin'."

He uttered a groan.

"Look at this!" he said—"a piece of crumpled paper which I found beside a brook, a few miles from here.

"Evidently a portion of the guilty correspondence.

"You will perceive that it is not the calligraphy of a cultured person."

And Mrs. Hopkins read, on a torn and stained piece of note-paper, the following words—

"—— poor phebe pidgeon is poysoned.

"Dollie Dutton done did it with Ratt poyson, don't Tel anny one, she is berried out under the wilow Tree."

All the rest was torn away, but Mrs. Hopkins had already read more than enough.

"It ain't possible!" said she turning very pale.

"That letter would be evidence in any court of law," said Mr. Duckett.

"I am going for the constable at once!"

* * * * * *

Dolly Dutton, sitting singing at her work, by the window of the Dutton farmhouse, was nearly frightened to death by the clasp of the constable's hand, all of a sudden, on her shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," said the constable.

"But don't be skeart!"

"What for?" cried Dolly, trembling all over.

"For murder!"

"Is the man crazy?" said Dolly. Whose murder?"

"Miss Pidgeon's," said the constable; "and the quieter and quicker you come along with me, the better it will be for you."

"But I never dreamed of such a thing!" cried Dolly,

"That's all talk," said the constable.

"That's what they all say."

"I am innocent," pleaded Dolly, hysterically.

"That's for the judge and jury to decide," he said.

There was a great crowd that afternoon around "the old wilow Tree," a well known gnarled veteran, on the edge of a merry little rivulet.

All the spades and picks in the neighborhood were in requisition.

"Dolly, the implied murderess, was at Mrs. Hopkins' house, under a strong guard, until they could take her to the neighboring jail, and Alphonso Paysley, at Mr. Duckett's suggestion, had been arrested as an accomplice.

"Why don't they tell me on what evidence they have dared to arrest me?" said poor Dolly.

"Them weren't my orders," answered the constable, who, in truth and in fact, was as much in the dark as Dolly herself.

But the spades and the picks, after much diligent labor, produced no commensurate effect.

"I'm blessed if I believe there's anything there!" said the biggest of the excavators; and at the same moment, there was a murmur through the little crowd, and a woman pressed her way through, and Miss Phebe Pidgeon herself stood in the front rank.

"What on earth are you all doing?" said she.

"Simons told me that I was murdered.

"If it really is the case, I don't know it myself yet."

The diggers dropped their implements; the undertaker's wagon began to back down the road as quietly as possible; the crowd stood open-mouthed.

"Then," said Mr. Duckett, "how do you account for this letter?"

Just then a tiny little hand plucked at his sleeve.

"It's my letter," said Squire Allen's little hired boy.

"I wrote it to Billy Silas.

"It's about my pet pigeon—my Phebe's dove.

"Dolly Dutton kept it at her house for me, and it got poisoned with some of the stuff she got for rats."

"Then," gasped Mr. Duckett, "why didn't we find it, then?"

"Cause I took it up yesterday," said the boy, whimpering, "and buried it in our own back-yard, so I could look at its grave."

There is nothing so quickly turned as the tide of public feeling.

"It's all Daddy Duckett's own pie!" shouted an irreverent young man.

"I hope he's satisfied with the way he's baked it?"

So Dolly Dutton was released, with many apologies; Alphonso Pavsley was notified that he need no longer consider himself under arrest; Miss Pidgeon went home, to find her house in possession of half-a-dozen artists of illustrated papers; and Mr. Duckett disappeared.

Not mysteriously, however.

He paid his bill as Mr. Hopkins, gathered together his scientific implements, and left town.

And the inhabitants of Standale have never seen him since.

## After Long Days.

BY JULIA S. THATCHER.

THE snow lay, like a fleecy blanket, over all the streets, alleys, and housetops.

It was midwinter, and the sound of New Year's bells had died away, leaving but the memory of their merry chimes to gladden the heart.

In the old school the busy round of duties prevailed.

At the sound of the bell students swarmed the streets on their way to classes, while the library was crowded by eager searchers after knowledge.

Among the hundreds that gathered every morning was one boy who came in awkwardly and hastily, taking his seat at far as possible from the girls.

His clothing was extremely simple and primitive in its make and texture, his form tall and uncouth, and he betrayed a sensitiveness as to the disposal of his hands and feet.

"A country [illegible]," one would have pronounced him at first glance, and yet John Fairchild commanded more than a [illegible] glances, and a second look at the fine [illegible] forehead, overshadowed by bushy [illegible]-colored hair, and the rather prepossessing face, enlivened by large gray eyes that held a peculiar sparkle, revealed deeper powers than were at first discernible.

The girls laughed at his coarse shoes, queer jacket, and his "father's old hat," as they termed it—for girls must laugh at something—it is their nature, and John Fairchild did look odd.

That he was fully conscious of his poor attire was evident, for sometimes a faint red crept into his sunburnt cheeks as some unguardedly loud remark reached his ears.

But whatever he thought he remained silent, and his pretty tormentors know not how deep the wound lay.

His comrades laughed at his blundering mistakes in the class, but not for long.

It was not a great number of days before they were surprised at his prompt answers and shrewd questions.

To his teachers, who saw with wiser eyes, he was a genuine "rough diamond."

One school night Miss Anne Heath, his rhetoric teacher, who rather liked and pitied him, gathered him under her protecting wing, and bore him off to be presented to one of the lovely maidens.

"Oh, I hope she won't bring him here," gasped a dark haired daintily-attired young beauty, Miss Ida Long, the petted spoiled child of wealth.

But, as accident or fate would have it, Miss Heath did take him direct to her and presented him, quite unconscious that the last boon Ida Long could not see with her deeper sight down in the boy's true loyal heart.

Compelled into seeming politeness, she arose and took his inelegantly offered arm for a walk through the rooms, promenading being the usual pastime before the entertainment on the stage began, but she paused the entire circle, never deigning him a single glance or remark.

"I am very tired and prefer to sit down," she said coolly.

"I will rejoin you."

And thus summarily dismissed, John Fairchild left her, with a flush in his cheeks and an indignant light in his eyes, muttering:

"She's ashamed of me.

"Well, I cannot blame her, bless her little face!

"But wait," and his lips closed firmly and his eyes held a far-away look, as if in gazing down the future years, he beheld something vastly different from the present.

Time passed.

John Fairchild worked at odd jobs to pay for his tuition, and waited on the table at his boarding house for his board, still wearing his simple garments, but keeping at his lessons as if life and soul were at stake.

Gazing out one night from his window, he saw a fire at no great distance.

"It is the ——.

"Ida Long boards there. Heaven grant I may be in time."

Forgotten were all her cruel slights, her dainty airs and chilling hauteur; he only remembered her possible danger, and that he loved her.

The fire had gained much headway before it was discovered, and, when John Fairchild reached the scene of danger, an excited throng had gathered around the burning building.

Men and boys were busy carrying out furniture, and all was wild confusion.

Suddenly, from an upstairs window, a white frightened face gleamed in the bright glow of the fire.

"Ida—oh Ida!" cried Jennie Smith, her cousin, "I was so positive she had come out and was in no danger.

"Save her!—oh, save her!" she moaned, sinking down in a paroxysm of suspense and anguish.

It was a time when even brave men paused a moment and held back, for the danger was imminent, the roof on the verge of falling.

On the side of the house a great Virginia creeper grew in all its luxuriousness, and, while some one ran for a ladder, a lithe supple form began ascending by means of the vine, for not a moment was to be lost.

It was John Fairchild, and the training he had had in his country sports, hunting squirrels, nutting, and searching for birds' nests, stood him well in hand now.

The crowd cheered lustily when they saw him take her in his arms and prepare to descend.

It had all transpired in so short a time that, as yet, the ladder had not been brought.

Scarcely had he dragged her from the open window, ere the roof fell in with a crash.

Sparks flew about in close proximity, but, with arms whose sinews seemed made of steel, John clung to his precious burden and continued to descend, almost unconscious that a falling brand had struck him on the forehead and burned him severely.

At last, with blistered hands, torn and scorched clothing, he reached the ground, and the half-fainting girl was received into the outstretched arms of friends with glad tears of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

Men grasped John Fairchild's torn bleeding hands with heartfelt clasps and broken words of praise.

Making his way through the excited crowd, he sought his own chamber, and though suffering keenly from his wounds and burns, there was a mingling of exquisite delight with all the pain that almost obliterated it.

Ida Long knew well to whom she owed her life.

Men seldom love women without their secret knowledge, and from the moment he began the dangerous ascent she realized who was coming to save her.

It was several days after the fire before they met, but one day while returning from a class, accident brought them together.

"I have much to thank you for, Mr. Fairchild."

"You saved my life," she began humbly, sincerely, looking him penitently in the face, while a soft red crept from her rounded cheek to her fair brow.

"Oh, no thanks, indeed, Miss Long; it was nothing—no more than any one could have done.

"I was only too happy.

"I——"

He checked himself hurriedly, and lifting his old hat in confusion, passed on as if afraid some guarded thought or longing might become apparent.

If Ida Long supposed he would presume upon the standing he had already gained, she was mistaken; if anything, he became more shy and retiring, living seemingly but for his books.

And the days of summer came with their fragrant roses and honeysuckles, and drifted by into the golden autumn time, when Ida Long, who had spent the summer at the seaside, returned to the old school, returned to find John Fairchild still among the students, still wearing cheap and common garments; but he himself had changed.

His tall form was taking breadth, and his tow-colored hair, now closely cropped, revealed as fine a shaped head as the school afforded.

The awkward, ungainly carriage, too, was disappearing, while his progress in his studies was marvelous.

He was, in truth, a student after Professor H——'s own heart; well might he speak of him with [illegible]

Surprised at the improvement, Ida began watching his progress, began admiring him, notwithstanding her former dislike.

And busily, swiftly the weeks came and went, until Ida and John were in the Classic Course together, he having gained upon her more tardy advance until he had not only won an equal footing, but more—he was leading his class.

He was a teacher in the school also, yet the same rigorous economy was discernible in his attire and mode of living as at first manifested.

Nobody slighted or snubbed him now; rather they came to him for counsel, guidance.

Even bonny bright-eyed girls smiled upon him, and shook their curls saucily in his face.

All in vain.

Courteous, gentlemanly, kind, a true friend, but never a lover, or even an admirer.

Ida had long since ceased to regard him with disfavor; but, in the added months, his bashful admiration had disappeared, and although he was ever kind, yet she was conscious of a slight tinge of hauteur and restraint, and wondered vaguely, sadly, if her former inferences had not been at fault.

Their last year was drawing to a close: the week of commencement had come.

John Fairchild's valedictory was a masterpiece.

"What a promising young man!" exclaimed many.

"And so handsome," whispered the girls among themselves.

"He has accepted a position as teacher in a western school; so much for perseverance, economy, and hard work," said Professor H. to a friend.

"The world would be better for more such men."

As for Ida Long, this leaving school and parting from all her dear teachers and classmates was felt keenly, bitterly, and when she sought her room for the last time, her heart was very sore and depressed.

A housemaid rapped at her door.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Ida."

And slowly, sadly she descended the stairs and entered the parlor, starting back with surprise when she found her caller to be John Fairchild.

"I have come to say good-bye," he said, in what Ida fancied a cold, constrained voice.

"We may not meet for years—probably never.

"Won't you bid me God-speed?"

"Oh, yes," she said faintly, struggling for her usual composure.

"I—I hope you may be prosperous—and very—very happy."

"And you, too, little friend," he said softly taking her hand.

"I—but why these tears?"

For the woman's pride no longer could hide the woman's heart.

And John Fairchild, surprised, yet with a joyful hopeful light shining in his eyes, gently raised her tear-wet mortified face, and gazing down into her eyes questioningly.

One glance and he was answered.

Folding her close to his heart, he said fervently:

"Mine, mine!

"Oh, my proud little love! dare I hope that you really love me?—that you will be my wife?"

And with all her woman's pride asserting itself, she smiled through her tears as she answered:

"I have loved you always, John—even when I seemed most indifferent."

"And I have loved you always, even to worship you from afar," he murmured.

"Dear John!"

And the kiss on the upturned lips sealed a betrothal that was not down in the course of study, yet, all the same, was the poor student's highest reward.

FEAR AND BRAVERY.—It is said that the Emperor Charles the Fifth, reading an epitaph, "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." It is certainly a somewhat absurd, though a favorite, claim for a poet or hero that "he never knew fear." No one possessing human nerves and human brain could say this with truth. That a brave man never yields to the emotion may be true enough; but to say that at no period of his life he experienced fear is simply impossible. There is a story of a young recruit in the thirty years' war going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirits. "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades, as the troops were drawn up ready to charge, "he is full of joke; how brave he is." The veteran addressed replied, "Not at all; he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrade, are far braver; we sit still on our horses, though we are terribly afraid." Fear certainly is one of the most irrational of the passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can be cool and collected in case of real peril will tremble at some fanciful alarm. The Duke of Schomberg could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A brave French officer fainted at sight of a mouse. The author of the Turkish Spy states that if he had a sword in his hand he would rather encounter a lion in the desert than be alone in a room with a spider. Many people have similar fanciful antipathies, which excite their fears in a manner real danger would be powerless to do.

**"Can Go To Sleep In a Minute."**

A gentleman who had suffered much from insomia, writes, after using Compound Oxygen: "I can do something now I could never do before using the Oxygen: that is, I can lie down at night and go to sleep almost in a minute—formerly it took me hours; seemingly caused from nervousness." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### A BLIND CAT.

THE family favorite whose misfortunes have afforded an opportunity to observe the workings of instinct under difficulties is a noble specimen of the cat.

Dido is his name.

During the four years of his life he has never been known to do anything wrong, unless it be to fight most desperately against all feline intruders.

In some one of his many encounters Dido met with an injury to one of his feet, that made a surgical operation necessary, from which he recovered, but shortly afterward went totally blind.

A cataract was formed over each eye, by which, as repeated experiments proved vision was thoroughly obscured.

This calamity came on suddenly, and placed the cat in circumstances not provided for by the ordinary gifts of instinct.

What to do with himself was plainly a problem hard to be solved.

He would sit and mew most piteously, as if bemoaning his condition; and when he attempted to move about, he met with all the mishaps that that the reader will be likely to imagine.

He ran against walls, fell down stairs, stumbled over sticks, and when once on the top rail of the fence he would traverse its entire length seeking in vain for a safe jumping off place.

On being called, he would run about bewildered, as if not knowing whence the voice came nor whither he should go to find the one calling.

In short, Dido's life seemed hardly worth living, and we were seriously plotting his death, when the cat himself clearly concluded that he must make his other senses atone for the loss of sight.

It was very curious to watch his experiments.

One of the first of these was concerning the art of going down stairs.

Instead of pawing the air, as he had been doing on reaching the top step, he went to one side till he felt the banisters touch his whiskers, and then, guided thus, he would descend safely and at full speed, turning into the hall on gaining the last step.

One by one he made each familiar path a study, determined the exact location of each door, explored anew all his old haunts, and seemed bravely resolved to begin life over again.

The result, was so unexpectedly successful that we were deceived into the notion that sight has been restored.

But by placing any obstacle in the path and then calling him eagerly to his customary feeding place it was evident that he was entirely blind for he would run with full force against the box or other obstruction, and then, for some time afterward, he would proceed with renewed caution.

Dido's "voice is still for war," and his blindness does not make him any less successful in his duels with intruders.

He even goes abroad in quest of adventures, and comes safely home again.

His value as a mouser does not seem to be in the least diminished.

It is well known that the house cat will find its way back from distant places to which it has been carried blindfolded; and how it performs such feats naturalists have never satisfactorily explained.

The theory accepted by some of them is that the animal takes note of the successive odors encountered on the way, that these leave as distinct a series of images as those we should receive by the sense of sight, and that, by taking them in the inverse order from that in which they were received, he traces his homeward route.

But, in the cat now described, the sense of smell is by no means acute, as has been proved by a variety of methods; and moreover, although, as one might say perpetually blindfolded, he quite uniformly chooses the shortest road home, without reference to the path he may have taken on leaving the house.

Curious to see how far this homing instinct would extend, I took advantage of a fall of snow that wrapped under its mantle every familiar object, concealed all the paths and deadened every odor and sound.

Taking Dido to a considerable distance from the house at a time when a number of boys were at play, I stood him upon a drift and quietly awaited results.

The poor creature turned his sightless orbs this way and that, and mewed piteously for help.

Finding, at length, that he was thrown entirely on his own resources, he stood motionless for about one minute, and then, to my amazement, made his way directly through the untrodden snow to the house door, which, it is needless to add, was promptly opened for the shivering subject of scientific investigation, to whom consolation was forthwith offered in a brimming bowl of new milk.

My conclusion, therefore, is that Wallace's ingenious theory of what he calls "brain registration" will not explain what has been described, but the mysterious homing faculty is probably independent of such methods of gaining knowledge as have been ordinarily observed, and is analogous to the migratory instinct controlling the long flights of some species of birds.

H. C. HOVEY.

DRAWBACKS of progress. "How is it," says a dweller at a seaside resort to the postman, "how is it that you are so much slower getting round with the letters this year than you were last year?" "Well, sir, you see, things aren't as convenient now as they were then. I used to know all the houses, but they've gone and numbered 'em!"

# Our Young Folks.

## THE LITTLE MOTHER.

BY ARION.

I DON'T think there was any harm in Harry, but, being a boy, he was a boy, and was really one of the most troublesome people on the face of the earth.

I believed he loved his sister Amy.

She had a doll—a beautiful doll, which was more precious to her than a diamond necklace or a purseful of money could possibly have been; and this doll, beautiful as she was, became an object of derision to Master Harry.

Amy could not understand any one not loving and admiring Eglantine, which was the pretty name she had given her doll.

Sometimes Harry called her Sophonisba sometimes Moses, and sometimes Tom, but he never would call her Eglantine, this hurt Amy's feelings very much, though, as she told herself, it made no real difference, for she was Eglantine, whatever Harry might call her.

It was a fine October day, and Amy and Eglantine were out of doors together.

Amy carried Eglantine in her arms, and looked round her, delighted at all the pretty things she saw, while the grass and moss she trod on were as green and soft as in June, and many a bright little flower still blossomed; only dead or withering leaves lay scattered among them, telling of the destruction that was fast approaching.

But Amy liked to hear these crisp leaves rustle and crumple under her feet; and so did Eglantine, for Amy held her down to walk over them, and then kissed her pink cheeks and stroked her flaxen hair, and looked lovingly into her blue eyes, and said, "Is not it nice, Eglantine.

Is not it dear and nice?"

But after a while she remembered that it was Eglantine's hour for sleeping, and there was nothing that this good "little mother" was more particular about than that her child should have her sleep regularly and comfortably every morning; so she hushed her off and sang softly to her, holding her in her arms and patting her while she gently caressed her.

And while Amy was so happy and so busy performing her pleasant duties towards her beloved Eglantine, what was Harry about?

You will hardly believe what Harry was about, even though I tell you, and assure you that it is true.

He was running and tearing and leaping through this very same garden; and as he ran and tore and leaped, he gathered up sticks and grass and reeds, and little branches of trees, and anything of that sort he could find, and he twisted long dry grasses round the little bundles collected; tying them up into faggots.

When he had got as many piled up as he wanted he rushed in the house.

Ah, Amy! why had not you the wit and presence of mind to run away as fast as your little legs could carry you when you heard him coming.

Why did you stand there appalled, with white cheeks and staring eyes, till the tormentor was upon you, and you had no chance of escape?

"Now then," said Harry, "all's ready. Give us the witch over here.

He had driven a long, high stake into the earth behind the gate, in the very midst of all the faggots, and he now made a snatch at Eglantine as she lay still softly asleep in Amy's arms, ignorant of her approaching fate, or the anguish awakened by it in her "little mother's" heart.

"If you burn her you shall burn me too," the child cried in her misery, "for I won't let her go!"

And she clasped her tightly in her arms, and then turned to run away.

Of course, she was the next moment gripped by Harry.

Harry with his strong arms and big hands seized hold of Eglantine's head, and what could Amy do against all his force when she was whisked from her kind protectress and [illegible] by the edge of her pretty white frock.

She might have caught her by her legs, to be sure, and then, Amy knew that Eglantine's legs were not her strong point.

Harry had once before pulled one of the unfortunate's off, and rivers of sawdust had flowed from the gaping wound.

With her small plump hands she held fast to a portion of the dress, but what hope was there that those little hands could wage equal war with us, that were six times their size and strength.

She pulled and he pulled, and he pulled not too hard, which left room for a merciful tear, and there was a loud cry as the dress parted with a sharp rending sound, some of the wadding and cotton bursting out, some of bran, some in fine dust, and last creak, that went like a dart into Amy's heart.

She knew her darling's danger, and the hands that would have gladly hurt themselves for her sake now equally for her sake relaxed their hold, and left her helpless and powerless in a conqueror's grasp.

And in the grasp of such a triumphant conqueror, too!

Harry waved her over his head in the air, shouting out, "Jolly old witch!" and then he waved her again, till Amy feared she might fly to pieces before her eyes.

What a fate for her darling! and yet, if she escaped the present danger a yet more terrible one awaited her.

There was the stake, and there were the faggots all round it.

She had no confidence in Harry's mercy when a doll was concerned.

The next moment she might see her tied up to await that dreadful death.

She sank on her knees, and hiding her face in both hands, cried bitterly.

Loud shouts burst in her ears—and was there?—yes, there was—a slight, as yet scarce perceptible, smell of burning wood.

Her hands dropping from her face, she opened her eyes, and [illegible] as they were by tears they beheld Eglantine [illegible] at the stake, and Harry on the [illegible] of the gate, where he had jumped up to get to the cruel head, having first ignited the faggots close by round it, which had begun to smoke, fed, with [illegible] pretty blue smoke rose in slight and green curls from them.

"Ah! ha!" laughed Harry as he sprang to the ground—

"Hurrah for the witch, who will burn like pitch!

"And now then, will you burn with her, Mrs. Amy?

"Shall I tie you too?

"Hurrah for the witch!

"Ha! ha! ha!"

She had said that if he burned Eglantine he must burn her too, for she would not give her up, but would her from him.

Vain threat!

His strength had overcome hers; but might not she still fulfil it—still suffer with her treasure?

Full of sorrow and anger, she rushed forward, and placing herself with her back to the gate, she tore off her sash and the ribbon from her hat, and as well as she could manage it with her own hands, she tied herself to the bars and posts.

And even as she did so the wood burned cheerily with a crackling noise, and set fire to the dry grass and withered leaves, and the flames rose, mingling with the pretty blue smoke.

Despair and rage were in her heart, and her little fair face was full of them, while Eglantine hung there far above her, her features undisturbed by any emotions, their expression calm and serene.

"But they will melt! they will melt! cried Amy, and she wept aloud.

Meantime Harry, little dreaming the mad action that her despair had driven his sister to commit, had run away in order to add to her fears.

He did not—let us do the mischievous boy justice—he did not intend to really burn the doll; he would tease little Amy for a while.

Why do boys delight in teasing?

And then he would come back, and cut down the calm and placid victim before even her pretty blue shoes had been singed and restore her to the tender arms from which he had snatched her.

But he had reckoned without his host, never calculating on the pulsings of which Amy's rage and grief would drive her.

The father of the children was walking in the garden, and saw the curling smoke rise from the plantations.

Afraid for his trees, he went there in a great hurry, and I will ask you to imagine his feelings at the sight he beheld.

A blazing fire, and his little daughter tied to the gate around which it was arising.

He was the only person who observed the smoke.

Naughty Harry, who had run off in an opposite direction, suddenly became aware that matters were assuming a more serious appearance than he had intended.

"There is never smoke without fire," is a proverb we all know, and here was much smoke that the fire must be in proportion.

His conscience smote him.

He was not really cruel, he was not absolutely without mercy.

If Eglantine were destroyed, and in that dreadful way, he knew how her "little mother" would suffer.

Back he ran, to behold the same sight almost at the same moment as his father.

Man and boy rushed in to the flames, which had not yet injured her, to rescue the darling of the house, the one little girl that God had given them.

They bore her out before even her dress had been singed; but she did not thank them, for the flames, which had only begun to reach the gate, were darting high around the stake, and Eglantine was in imminent danger.

Amy's head was thrown back, her eyes fixed on her doll.

She wrung her hands, she almost struggled to escape from her father's arms.

"Oh, Eglantine! Eglantine!" was all she said.

"Oh, Eglantine! Eglantine!"

Full of remorse, and for the first time understanding how [illegible] was for what [illegible] only [illegible] mischief and wicked [illegible], Harry dashed into the very heart of the flames [illegible] on the top of the [illegible], and [illegible] from her perilous position.

But [illegible] to him, he had thrown off his jacket, having become heated in his play, and his [illegible] as he [illegible], set it on fire, and at the same moment he somehow lost his balance where he stood, and came down with a great crash on the hard ground.

But he did not mind the pain, the fall, or the shock; he did not even know that his sleeve was on fire; he only held out the doll to his little sister, crying, "Here, Amy, here! she is just as jolly as ever!" and then, for the first time in his life, he did what few boys have any experience of, he fainted away, for he had his head against a stone as he fell.

And you see Harry had brought his own punishment by his folly.

His shirt burned away, and his father had some difficulty in extinguishing the fire, and did not succeed in doing so before his arm had been rather badly burnt also; and what with the burn and the blow on his head, a whole week of his holidays was [illegible] and [illegible] he was in pain and ill; and last, not least, had to [illegible] disagreeable physic three times every day.

Amy was beset by [illegible] sister, with Eglantine on her knee, and [illegible] to her and [illegible] to, to see [illegible] sweet assurance that since he had risked his own life to save that of the doll, her darling was safe from any danger at his hands for ever after.

Harry was very much ashamed of himself, especially when his father said that to tease a child was "unmanly;" but having punished himself so severely, he escaped without further punishment than some good advice and a lecture; and as he confessed his fault and his contrition frankly, his father forgave him, though not as quickly as Amy had done.

And little Amy received good advice and a small lecture also, as she was tenderly taught the lesson that children must learn to control their feelings as well as their tempers, and that, though an affectionate child may love her doll, a good little daughter ought to have reflected on the grief she would have caused if she had really burned herself with her doll.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.—Most young married couples have a "first baby" except in rare cases, when they have twins. Then they have two first babies. The first baby is always a remarkable child. Such physical beauty, such intellectual quickness and genius, and such moral perfection were never before united in one being. Other babies may be all very well in their way, but this first baby is something peculiarly marvelous. All its aunts rave over it, and even its uncles are moved to say, "Keecher-keecher-keecher," and chuck it under the chin with a forefinger by way of ingratiating themselves with the infant.

Of course the fond parents think that the infant must be photographed. The world at a distance should not be denied the opportunity of gazing upon its lineaments; a record should be kept of its loveliness. So some fine sunshiny day they go to the photographer.

Then the first baby immediately begins to quarrel and fret and look less beautiful than usual, although he is all dressed up in his best clothes. He wants things that he sees in the photographer's show-case, and not obtaining them begins loudly to protest. He refuses to yield to pacificatory blandishments, and keecher-keecher-keecher fails to soothe. At last his turn comes. The mother wants him in a certain position. The photographer doesn't approve of that position, and the baby won't have it.

Finally a compromise is effected. The photographer jingles a bell, clucks like a hen and raps with a stick all at once, hoping thereby to attract the attention of the first baby; but when the picture comes out there are found three or four impressions overlying each other like the scales of a fish.

A second sitting is taken, and the photographer steeps his soul in perjury by telling the infant that if he will hold still a white mouse will run out of the camera. The result of this is a picture slightly shaky, with the mouth open. A third picture is attempted when at the critical moment, the baby sets up a prolonged howl. Thus are the rosy hours beguiled.

At last a good picture is obtained and numerous copies are ordered. They are sent to the remotest friends and relatives. This would cause great excitement in distant lands if it were not for one thing. It is that every where the likeness goes it finds some other young couple with a first baby, who are equally of opinion that their baby is the finest in the world; indeed, disparaging contrasts are almost surely drawn between this photograph and the other first baby, to the disadvantage of the photograph. Yet young couples will doubtless go on photographing first babies.

POPULAR BELIEFS.—In Italy a two tailed lizard is a bringer of good fortune provided its tails are placed under the slab of an altar, left there till Mass has been said over them, and then taken away and worn by the finder as an amulet. When a thunder-storm begins, the women weep and pray. If it continues, they snatch from the hearth the chains which hang above it, and fling them out of doors. In [illegible] to [illegible] all [illegible] to [illegible] sometimes kept [illegible] made [illegible] pot [illegible] ready to [illegible] blood-suckers may be revealed. If this does not answer, a dog or cat is killed and placed behind the door. The witch cannot enter until she has counted every hair on its hide. Before she can do so the sun will rise, the coming of which she dare not wait for by its rays she would be seen, unclothed and manifestly guilty.

*** "It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to [illegible] has a protective duty to perform in [illegible] package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.

## WOUNDS AND ESCAPES.

AN English army surgeon in a recent article says, one or two cases of very narrow escapes from death by a bullet occur to me.

During the Kaffir war, I several times accompanied large parties of troops sent out to intercept or pursue bodies of the enemy; or to destroy kraals or to capture cattle.

We never succeeded in intercepting or overtaking Kaffirs unless they were in strong parties and desired to fight; and as we marched along by day, the Kaffirs, in loose order and in parties of two or three, would hang upon our flanks and rear, showing themselves upon the high ground, but keeping out of range of our muskets.

One night, four of us were sitting cross-legged round a little fire on which we had [illegible] to boil, and as we thus sat, a report, followed by the ping of a bullet close over our heads, warned us that Kaffirs were prowling about.

It was followed by several other shots, which struck the ground quite close to us; but we were tired and cold and hungry, having had no food all day, and we were unwilling to lie down to sleep on the bare ground with empty stomachs.

We therefore determined, in spite of danger, to keep the fire burning until the coffee was ready, and to hurry this, one of us stooped down to blow the fire with his mouth, when another shot settled the matter, for a bullet passing between two of us, smashed the kettle, and scattered the embers about the head of the one who was blowing the fire.

How close the bullet passed to his head may be imagined, for it touched his hair.

There was nothing to be done but to stamp all the embers out, roll ourselves in our cloaks, and light our pipes to keep down the cravings of hunger.

At the relief of the Residency of Lucknow, the colonel of my regiment had two very narrow escapes.

As he was cantering from one position to another, the motion of the horse raised him a little out of the saddle every now and then, and just at the moment when he was raised out of the saddle, a bullet passed below him, tearing the leather open along the whole seat of the saddle.

Had he been sitting still in the saddle, he would have been wounded.

Shortly after, another bullet struck the handle of his revolver, which was in a pouch attached to his sword-belt, and but for the revolver, he would have received a mortal wound.

At the battle of Cawnpore, on the 6th December 1857, one of the men of my regiment had his arm at the elbow shattered by a round-shot, and I determined to perform amputation above the elbow, on the field, so got the man well under a bank, and out of danger as I thought.

Unfortunately, the camels with ammunition crowded round us; and just as I was about to commence the operation, a shell from one of the enemy's guns came amongst us, and striking one of the ammunition boxes on the nearest camel, not three yards from us, exploded and blew up the ammunition also.

Bullets flew in every direction; but though several assistants and myself were there, not one of us was touched, even the camel escaping uninjured.

On the same day as the regiment to which I belonged was advancing in line, a shrapnel shell burst right over us and wounded a few of the men.

One of the bullets struck an officer in high command (since dead), who with his staff was riding close behind the line.

I saw that the bullet had torn his coat open from the shoulder half way down his back, and ran up to his assistance.

I got him to dismount, and took him into a dry ditch, and as he was in the act of sitting down, a round-shot struck the top of the bank.

Had he been standing erect, the shot would have carried off his head.

On the same day, the brother of this officer, to whose staff he was attached, received a very singular wound.

A grape shot struck the scabbard of his sword, touched his stirrup, and entered the outside of the left foot below a prominent bone (the cuboid), passed under the sole, and lodged on the inner side or arch of the foot, from which position I removed it.

This was a very remarkable wound, in that no bone was broken or injured.

He is [illegible] at the present time, and has the use of his foot, though I have heard that he walks a little lame.

I have not seen him since the day on which he was wounded.

At the siege of Lucknow, the chaplain attached to [illegible] regiment was in his tent and was on the point of opening a box, a round shot from a gun [illegible] came straight down and right into the tent, passed close to his head, struck the box he was in the act of opening, and rebounded, again almost striking his head in its rebound.

This gentleman is at the present time minister of a Scotch parish, and may possibly read this, and remember the start he got, and how we laughed over it.

It is sometimes quite possible to see a cannon-ball in its flight, and easy to follow its course after it has once touched the ground; and I have more than once seen the ranks open, when the regiment was in line, to let a ball pass.

☞ Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. Ten cents for any color.

### SEA DREAMINGS.

BY REV. FATHER RYAN.

To-day, a bird, on wings as white as foam
That crests the blue-gray wave,
With the vesper light upon its breast, flew home
Seaward. The God who gave
To the birds the virgin-wings of snow
Somehow telleth them the way they go.

Unto the Evening went the white-winged bird—
Gray cloudy hung round the west—
And far away the tempest's tramp was heard.
The bird flew for a rest
Away from the grove, out to the sea—
Is it only a bird's mystery?

Nay! nay! lone bird! I watched thy wings of white
That cleft thy waveward way—
Past the Evening and swift into the Night
Out of the calm, bright Day—
And thou didst't teach me, bird of the sea,
More than on human heart's history.

Only men's hearts—tho' God shows each its way
That leadeth home to home—
Unlike the wild sea bird's, somehow go astray
Seeking in the far foam
Of this strange world's tempest trampled main
A resting-place—but they seek in vain.

Only the bird can rest upon the deep
And sleep upon the wave,
And dream its peaceful dreams where wild winds sweep,
And sweet the God who gave
The bird a rest-place on the restless sea—
But this, my heart, is not His way with thee.

Over the world, ah! passion's tempests roll—
And every fleck of foam
Whitens the place where sank some sin-wrecked soul
That never shall reach home.
Ah! the tranquil chore of God's sweet, calm grace
My heart! is thy only safe resting-place.

### BRIDAL CUSTOMS.

THE exhibition of bridal gifts has been sanctioned by royalty. On the marriage of the Princess Royal in England, in 1858, the tributes to the bride, amounting in value to a fabulous sum, were displayed, not only before the eyes of the Court, but also for the benefit of the general public. After the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in 1863, the bridal presents were also publicly exhibited in Kensington Palace.

Reporters and newspaper artists were expressly admitted, that they might, in type and picture, reproduce for the curious public the wonders of the magnificent profusion with which the youthful princess of Denmark had been endowed by crowned heads and wealthy magnates.

The Rosebery-Rothschild presents were unusually superb. They were exhibited in three rooms of the Rothschild mansion in Piccadilly, the tables on which they lay being magnificently adorned with expensive flowers.

On the principal table were the earl's gifts to his bride, enclosed in a border of tea-roses and orchids.

Among these were the Roseberry family jewels, consisting of a tiara, comb, necklace, earrings, and cross, all of magnificent diamonds.

There were also presents from the bridegroom of a diamond diadem, with seven large centre stones of the purest water; a bracelet of double hearts, tied with a lover's knot, a copy from one worn by Mary Queen of Scots; a suit of pearls, a large spray brooch of brilliants in the form of a roseberry with a matchless pendant pearl, and another pendant of immense and faultless sapphires set in brilliants. There were also some presents of interesting historical memories.

The bridegroom presented the bride with a beautiful painted fan which formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette, and an exquisite gold box with an enameled portrait of some unfortunate queen.

The Prince of Wales gave Lord Roseberry a beautiful and curious dressing-case of silverwork of the period of Louis Seize. The Sykes club presented a silver punch-bowl of the period of Dr. Johnson. Earl Beaconsfield's offering to the bride was a ring of turquoises and diamonds arranged checkerwise.

The presents of the Rothschild family in all parts of the world, as might be expected, were such as one might hope to see only in dreams—gold and jewels of the most sumptuous and priceless kind.

Among American gifts were a silver coffee service from August Belmont, and a picture of the earl and his bride in a gondola, which the bridegroom is steering, and which is drawn by six swans, from Mr. Beard.

The bride cake is no less sanctified by antiquity than is the ring. It is the symbol of "plenty," and is intended to express the hope that the newly-married couple may always be supplied with an abundance of the good things of this life.

Passing pieces of the cake through the wedding-ring nine times, and putting them under the pillow to dream upon, was a practice in vogue long before our great-grandmothers lived and loved, and the custom is not yet obsolete.

A pleasant custom formerly prevailed, after the ceremony had been concluded, of handing round to each guest a ring bearing the names of the newly married couple, after which the latter received the felicitations of their friends.

We are told that Edward Kelly, a famous philosopher in Queen Elizabeth's days, was openly profuse in giving away rings, twisted with three gold wires, at the marriage of one of his household, to the value of $20,000.

Though wedding customs differ in different countries, yet they are all designed to express certain ideas, more or less correct, upon which marriage is founded.

The ancients considered certain days in the calendar as unlucky for matrimony. Lovers were told to beware of the entire month of May, and especially warned off from February 11th, June 2d, November 2d, and December 1st. And it was particularly desirable that the weather should be clear, and that the ceremony should take place in the daytime, for

"Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine."

## Grains of Gold.

A chasm that often separates friends—sarcasm.

The first and greatest of all faults is to defraud ourselves.

It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life.

He who sees the end from the beginning will do only what is right.

Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passions are the voice of the body.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

Perform present duties, that time may be apportioned for succeeding labors.

Admiration is a short-lived passion, unless it be fed with fresh discoveries.

Unkind language, on the principle of like begets like, brings the same return.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

One single act of indiscretion may mar the enjoyment of a whole existence.

All men are liberal; some to those who are in need, and others to themselves.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection.

Something may be gained from every one we meet, not matter how ignorant the person may be.

Fortune is like a market, where very many times if you wait a little prices are liable to fall.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Take measures against committing a rash action.

True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind; temperance and chastity are the sobriety of the body.

Don't strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light. It is very damaging.

If we really live under the hope of future happiness, we shall taste it by way of anticipation and forethought.

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

Money and time have both their value. He who makes a bad use of the one will never make a good use of the other.

Never take more in hand than you can well accomplish, or you will break up, and the work will be broken up with you.

Firmness is as different from its mean substitute—obstinacy, as rashness is from true courage, prudery from virtue, and bigotry from religion.

A beautiful godly life, a noble manhood, filled full of felicities and heroisms, is itself the very best statement and the very best defense of Christianity.

To preserve ourselves happy, it is not enough that we have external sources of comfort; we must keep open the well-springs of contentment and peace within.

Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future.

## Femininities.

The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity.

The papers announce the coming return of the fashions of the Elizabethan era. This is rough on the ladies.

A London paper remarks that weight "is not best, though many women dress as though they thought it was."

A little three year-old Camden girl rebuked her mother for alluding to a black cat. She said it was a "colored" cat.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she gets to be a woman she objects to having even one.

The only man who can button a new collar to his shirt without breaking his thumb-nail and one of the commandments, is he who gets his wife to do it.

A bride of this city found seventeen full sets of dishes among her wedding presents. Her farseeing friends evidently knew she was going to keep a girl.

A Vermont debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man trying to thread a needle, or to see a woman try to drive a nail?"

A contemporary says, "A woman who does a man's work ought to receive a man's pay." A lazy husband says he has no objection if she only pays a man's bills.

We are curious to know how many feet go to make a mile in the estimation of the ladies, for the reason that we never met a lady who didn't wear shoes a mile too big for her.

Oh, the wonderful forgiving disposition of woman! A man was on trial in New York, recently, for an attempt to murder his wife, whom he had treated with great cruelty, yet she wouldn't testify against him, and during the trial sent him a lunch in the recess hour.

"Women," observes some writer whose name we do not remember, "may be compared to fruit; that which falls to the ground of its own accord is generally good for nothing; but that which will not fall without a good deal of shaking is sound and worth having."

Girls, remember the prettiest wax doll in the world can be purchased for very little money—one that can open and shut its eyes quite as languidly, if not as bewitchingly, as you yours. Do you see the point? You must know how to talk if you desire to win regard and friendship.

The daughter of a wealthy Buffalo man quarreled with him and left her home. A large reward was offered for her discovery, and the detectives soon found her doing kitchen work in a Detroit family. Her employer was rather loth to give her up, she had proved such an efficient and industrious servant.

A young man well known in Chester is betrothed to a lady possessed of a twin sister. A few evenings since they were present at a church sociable, and, on starting for home, the gentleman made a queer mistake, and was more than half way home before he discovered he was acting as escort for the wrong sister.

A gentleman admires a charming woman over whose head the swarms of seventeen-year locusts have passed at least thrice. "But, I say," says one of his friends, "she's very charming, I know; still, you must admit that she is wrinkled." "Wrinkled!" echoes the chivalrous lover. "No, sir. There may be the indelible impressions of a smile upon her face here and there, but that is all."

"Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant, with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call." The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old kept aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, saying, "Come and play and dance, dear. "Choose one of the pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

A nice young man thought he had found something pure and fresh in the shape of a laughing little witch of a girl, and was on the point of proposing marriage, when she scattered his fond hopes to the winds by remarking, one evening, "You hug and kiss me more than any gentleman I am acquainted with, except Bill Wallace; and he is a baggage-smasher, and only comes here about once every month."

That was a brave young woman in Brooklyn who, waking in the night, and reaching her arm out of bed, found her hand in contact with a curly pate, which without a moment's hesitation, she held on to, grabbing the throat beneath with the other hand, and screaming for help, until her father came just in time to prevent the owner of the hair and throat from being choked to death—which was a great pity, it being clear that the purpose of the fellow's call was burglary.

Women are notoriously indifferent to their food. If an American community could be deserted for a year by the men, we verily believe that the women would slide back—first, into the custom of having tea and a chop at every meal; next, into pecking at some bread and butter at any hour when they felt the pangs of hunger; lastly, into the condition of savages who live on camas roots and the bark of trees. It is man—proud man—who keeps women up to the civilized mark in the matter of eating and drinking.

The recent Anti-Monopoly Convention at Saratoga says in its platform that women have the same inalienable rights as men. So they have, and more, too. Don't they take up more room in the horse-cars than a man? Don't they travel more at man's expense than man does at theirs? Don't they wear grindstone hats at theatres when man can't wear any? Aren't they the cause of all trouble? Do they not waste their time at fashionable watering-places, whilst their husbands are slaving for them in the city? Oh, no, women have no rights whatever.

## News Notes.

The old Sunday prevails in New York.

House aprons of lace are among the late novelties.

The public debt was reduced $30,000,000 during December.

Plush trims everything, and forms many entire costumes and wraps.

White and tinted laces trim house-wrappers and jackets admirably.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man set a trap for cats, and caught a pole-cat.

The demi-train remains in vogue for reception and dancing parties.

Tom Thumb and wife are now running a museum of their own in Chicago.

Gautemala is anxious to become one of the sovereign States of the Union.

Governor Butler intends to live in a hotel in Boston during his term in office.

Secretary Chandler's eldest son has gone to Dakota to engage in cattle raising.

Red camel's hair pelisses trimmed with black fur are much worn by little girls.

According to the English *Nautical Gazette*, one vessel every four hours was lost at sea during 1881.

Etruscan vases of the most graceful forms are copied in red and gilded wicker for rerap-baskets.

Queen Victoria does not think it too great a condescension for royalty to compete for prizes at fairs.

President Arthur is said to have killed the "largest salmon ever taken with a fly on this continent."

Miss C. L. Wolfe, of New York, is building a $100,000 "cottage" on a $300,000 lot in Newport, R. I.

North Carolina supports more newspapers conducted by colored men than any other state in the Union.

The total immigration to the United States for 1882, at all ports, was about 735,000, an increase of 15,000 over 1881.

Burdette, the humorist, had an audience of about fifty persons at Lancaster, recently, and refused to lecture.

Brides who wish to be considered ultra-fashionable, are now attended at the altar by fancifully dressed boys.

Theodore Sunnedecker, a young man of Washington county, terminated a spree by shooting himself through the head.

It is said that Governor Butler intends to have an elevator put in the State House at Boston, if he has to pay for it himself.

A ticket 20 years old was tendered and accepted recently on the Consolidated Road for a ride between Hartford and Boston.

A correspondent writes from Rome to say that what is known and dreaded as "Roman fever," is nothing but sewer gas poisoning.

The receipts of the Patent Office for 1882 amounted to over $1,000,000. We are a people of inventions and patents, it would seem.

According to the Grass Valley, Cal., *Tidings*, there is dissatisfaction that the Sunday schools do not let out in time for base-ball games.

James Kerns and John Britenger, both youths, had a fight at McKeesport, when the latter crushed the skull of the former with a skate.

The period of the great comet of 1882 has been discovered to be 632 1-2 years. Will the people of 2535 A. D. remember that it was here?

It is estimated that over $106,000,000 were given for benevolent and religious purposes by the different denominations in this country last year.

Within the last year the women of the United States have given the magnificent sum of $600,000 for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands.

Michael Seifert, a Pittsburg saloonkeeper, lost a pocket-book containing $2,000. Two weeks afterwards he found it behind a barrel of liquor he was moving.

Some Wisconsin University Sophomores locked a Freshman in his room, when he broke the door down with an axe. The President made the Sophomores foot the bill.

Dr. Schliemann has not been digging up old relics and letting daylight into ancient caverns for the fun of the thing. He made over $100,000 last year by the sale of "Ilods."

The Judge in one of the courts of Victoria, British Columbia, when a Chinese witness was being sworn, said that he had not yet met a Chinaman who could not write, and complimented the witness on the neatness of his characters.

A Nevada penitentiary convict says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet is compelled every day to eat out pieces of pasteboard which are put between the soles of cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the public as leather.

A Nevada man, who has been very deaf for years, was recently severely burned about the face, and afterwards found that he could hear perfectly well. He attributes his cure to the shock, but it is too violent a remedy to be generally accepted.

EXPOSURE TO DRAFTS WHEN HEATED, and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are prolific sources of severe Colds, from which many cases of Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Asthma, and other Pulmonary Affections are developed. Should you unfortunately contract a Cold, resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy that will not only promptly cure Coughs and Colds, but will relieve and strengthen the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs, and remove all dangerous symptoms.

# New Publications.

"The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning His Spurs," by Captain Charles P. King, U. S. A., is a story that is sure to please the majority of readers. It treats of the army in general, its subject, characters and plot all being more or less based thereon. The narration is brisk, the scenes novel and picturesque, the language always good and pointed. The fact that its most prominent personages and incidents carry more than a grain of truth and possibility in their semblances renders the work the more entertaining. The author, full of his theme, with the ability to handle it well, has produced a book which is a sure remedy against dulness while being read. Neatly bound and printed in fine large type. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price, $1.50.

"Portia; or, By Passions Rocked," is a new novel by the author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," and other favorite works. Like them, it is of most decided interest, and bound to charm all classes of readers. It has every quality of a good story, being animated, full of sentiment, and possessed of an excellent plot. The only feature at all in which it differs is that it is shorter than its predecessors, and while as good in quality there is not so much of it. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 40 cents.

"The Duchess Undine; or, Slain by a Woman's Lie," by Hanson Penn Diltz, is a novel sure to attract more than ordinary attention for a better or more original romance has not been published for a long while. The story is French in tone, and the major portion of the action takes place in Paris amid the gayeties of the highest circles of Parisian fashionable society, though there are scenes in the United States and Baden-Baden. It should be read by all who can appreciate a romance of phenomenal excellence. That it will have an enormous sale cannot be doubted. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

No. 12, Vol. 8, of the *Magazine of American History* contains a good deal of matter relative to the country which students will find of particular value and interest. In material, printing, etc., the work is of the best. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents per number.

*Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, in its January number, shows that the proprietors intend even making the magazine a deal better than it has been, which must certainly be a hard task. In its stories, poems, illustrations, etc., it is just calculated for the entertainment and improvement of younger readers. Russell Publishing Co., Boston. Price, $1.50 per year.

*The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, published quarterly, is the highest authority on the subject in America. No physician who wishes to keep abreast of the great improvements ever being made in new cures, remedies and new methods can well do without this publication. The January number contains a large number of interesting cases, etc., with matter of the utmost importance and interest to the physician. H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, $5 per year.

The January *Wide Awake* is quite worthy to follow even the magnificent Holiday Number. It has no less than seventy beautiful illustrations, and furnishes a wonderful variety of stories, poems and articles, many of them with a gay Christmas echo. The frontispiece and opening poem, Baby's First Step, will appeal to everybody in every household; and the first story, A Winter Moon-rise," by Mary Densel, with its three capital illustrations, will give universal pleasure. These are followed by An Old-Fashioned Bee, John Spicer Lecture, Co-operation, Speaking Distinctly, The Mix, The Wolf and the Goslings, Three Fishers, The Christmas Monks, The Song of the Christmas Stockings, The Baby Year, Silver City, Old Caravan Days, A Winter Garden, Cookery for Beginners, Breakfast Breads, Anna Maria's Housekeeping, How to Keep Accounts, A Boy's Workshop, and a Health and Strength Paper for Boys. A brilliant and valuable number surely. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. $2.50 a year.

*Vick's Illustrated Monthly*, for January, is, as usual, full of the best of matter for those interested in flowers. There is no better magazine on this subject published anywhere, and all lovers of flowers should have it. James Vick, Rochester, New York. Price, $1.25 per year.

We have received from Treasurer Bailey his annual detailed report of the finances of the State of Pennsylvania.

D. M. Ferry & Co., Seedsmen, of Detroit, have issued their annual catalogue, which all farmers and lovers of flowers would do well to send for.

SENSIBLE MODE OF DUELING.—Duels are of much more frequent occurrence in the French Chamber of Deputies than in any other assemblage, and we have been struck by the little mischief resulting to the parties in these rencontres. The cause of this immunity from corporeal peril appears to be preconcerted, and not attributable to defective vision or unskilfulness; it seems that, while they not unfrequently load their dice with lead, they take especial care to keep it out of the barrels of their pistols; that is to say, if any credence may be attached to the statement that you can buy what are called "les balles de depute." These balls, evaporating in the air, are sure to do no mischief to the senatorial combatants.

## QUEER COMPOSITIONS.

THE following are some of the compositions recently handed in to the teachers of one of the New York schools.

The pupils had been permitted to select their own subjects in the animal kingdom or where they chose:

Frank Ball, aged 11, writes:

The sole is a flat fish like the flounder. It has its eyes upon one side of its head, because it burrows in the mud and gravel so much that it would be blind in one eye.

Florence Villiers, aged 14:

The male seals have many wives, sometimes as many as thirty or forty. Each wife has three or four cubs, so the father has quite a busy time getting food for them all. The males each year get a new set of wives.

Thomas Fell, aged 15:

The seal can detect an enemy with its nose. It is harmless while the shark is a ferocious animal, but it will not attack colored people, and they are also very nervous fishes as they will swim away from anybody if the person will make a great noise by shouting and spattering.

William Knox, aged 15:

There are some kinds (of starfish) which emits pale light, by which it guides itself in deep water.

Lillie Leonard, aged 15:

The musquito is found as far north as Lapland, where the swarms are almost as thick as they are further south.

John Watson Davis, aged 13 years:

At night, when the moon shines, the fishermen goes out and fish for sardines at moonlight, and the fishermen has too make a noise to make the fish go about and catch them in the net.

Horace Doure, aged 10:

The cat, when after prey, generally steals along softly by night, and gives a jump on the prey, and if it does not catch it, it goes away exhausted. It will only try to catch the same animal once.

Clara Bolle, aged 13:

There was once a lady who had a humming bird, and it became so tame that when she said go into your cage, it would do so, and last year it died she mourned because she didn't have anything else that she cared so much for.

Mary Singer, aged 11:

When Andrew Jackson came from the war a friend asked him if he was going to kill his old horse and he said no, that he would keep his old horse till he died and then bury him in a field and have a grass plot over his grave. Then he said putting the horse on the head you and me have seen hard times haven't we.

Albert Smith, aged 12, writes under an amusing picture of a monkey up a tree with a pail of coal on his tail:

This fellow in the picture is pretty roguish. He has stole a poor woman's half pail of coal that she left standing on the ground. She is feeling very bad as she cannot climb a tree.

Jennie E. Parker, aged 14:

The whelk is a small shell fish. It has a tongue around with teeth and a long proboscis for rasping its food of which any animal matter is used for. In England the whelk is used for food, but in Scotland the people have a dislike for them. The favorite mode of eating them is with vinegar and pepper.

Eddie Norwood, aged 11:

It is wonderful how clean the beetle keeps himself with all his work in disagreeable things. The Romans used to eat the beetle a good while ago. What queer tastes these old Romans must have had.

A. Tumey, aged 12:

The wife of the sea horse is a very bad wife, for instead of taking care of the babies leaves the husband to take care of them; but he does not seem to mind that, because he is made for it. He has a pocket lined with fat, into which he receives the three and or two of little babies, and feeds them on his own fat, and when he thinks they are old enough to go out he turns up his tail and presses it against the bottom of the bag and turns out the little fellows.

THE SWEDES AT MEALS.—The Swedes have a queer way of locomotion at their meals. They often flit about, like flies, from one table to another, and sometimes seem to turn the menu topsy-turvy when they order a repast. It is no rare thing to see them begin with cheese and biscuit; next proceed with ham and salad, with a slice of meat to follow, and then suddenly start up in the middle of their dinner to swallow, while they walk about, a plateful of pea-soup. A habit beginning each repast with what they call a "smorgos," not merely leads to untidiness at meal-time, but it makes them feel contented to live on bits and scraps. The smorgos consists of little dishes, such as slices of smoked reindeer and caviare and sardines, with pickles, cheese, and other whets provocative of thirst.

THE consumption of Ayer's Pills far exceeds any precedent. They are constantly winning the confidence of those who use them. They cleanse the blood, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

# Humorous.

A certain gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young Miss of six years, who went to the funeral, said to his little daughter, of about the same age: "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes," was the quick reply, "but not until after the funeral."

"My frens," said the officiating clergyman at the marriage of two colored persons near Cincinnati a few Sundays ago, "it am a serious ting to get married specially when both parties is orphans an' hain't got no body to fall back on, as am de present case."

"I remember," said a landlord, "I remember two young men who used to board at my house. They are both dead now." The company broke into a meaning smile, and the landlord wondered why they didn't wait for the funny part of the story.

We never have had the experience, but we should think it would roll an editor fearfully after he had worked the most of the day getting up an editorial declaiming that a man is better off for being married, to go home and be jawed because he forgot to bring two dozen clothes-pins, or some such thing.


**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *124 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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**☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

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For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor, clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.

LUFKIN BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES,
NATIONAL BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

805 Chestnut St. - - Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use in thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

# "Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Sardis, O., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

S. A. H.

Richland, Mo., Dec 2, 82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. G. R.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. J. H. L.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. W. C.

Youngstown, N. Y., Dec. 4, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

E. D. B.

Stonewall, I. T., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. F. C.

Ellisville, Ill., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

E. D.

Lambertville, N. J., Dec. 3, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

I. N. L.

Kill Creek, Kan., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. W.

Evanston, Wyoming, Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. McC.

Inesuette, British Col., Nov. 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

I. B.

Colegrove, Pa., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

N. G. M.

Nevada, Ill., Dec. 6, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. J. F.

Hamilton, Ill., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. D.

Conneaut, Pa., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

D. E.

Madison, Ala., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

A. H. L.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

H. H.

McFall, Mo., Dec. 5, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. B. E. L.

# Facetiæ.

With exceptional truthfulness a quack doctor begins his advertisement: "I offer my valuable services to all who are so unfortunate as to require them."

Wells' "**Rough on Corns.**" Ec. Ask for it Complete, permanent cure, corns, warts, bunions!

"A man never realizes," remarks a commercial traveler, "how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railway refreshment-room sandwich.

"**Buchupaiba.**"—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

At a recent fire in Ottawa, Canada, some one sent a telegram to the owner, who was in Boston, saying: "Premises all on fire. What shall we do?" The answer came back promptly: "Put it out."

**STINGING** irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

Brand new remedy for neuralgia—An excellent liniment for neuralgia is made of sassafras, oil of organum and a half ounce of tincture of capsicum, with half a pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of red flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head and then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your relief.


KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

**Malaria.** If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT



THIRTY-THIRD

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

**AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

OF PHILADELPHIA

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 30, 1882.

INCOME.

| | |
|---|---|
| Premiums received during the year | $304,229.03 |
| Interest received from Investments, Rents, etc. | 170,312.81 |
| | $474,541.84 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Life Losses paid | $259,160.00 |
| Endowments and Annuities paid | 8,745.00 |
| Traveling Agents and Commissions | 8,181.73 |
| Salaries and Medical Examinations | 10,975.50 |
| Taxes, Licenses and Legal Expenses | 13,022.10 |
| Printing, Advertising, Stamps, etc. | 10,819.18 |
| Surrendered and Canceled Policies, Dividends and Notes voided by lapse of Policies | 162,324.73 |
| | $479,928.24 |

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1883.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mortgages upon Real Estate | $924,911.00 |
| Stocks and Bonds | 670,895.00 |
| Real Estate, Office and Properties bought to secure Loans | 696,270.36 |
| Loans on Collateral amply secured | 302,753.07 |
| Premium Notes secured by Policies | 267,922.44 |
| Net deferred and unreported Premiums | 12,396.60 |
| Cash on hand and in banks | 88,904.40 |
| Accrued interest to January 1 | 43,226.27 |
| | $3,294,931.93 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Reinsurance Reserve at 4½ per cent. | $2,342,921.00 |
| Death claims not yet due | 16,125.00 |
| Funds held in Trust | 108,691.37 |
| Net Premiums paid in advance | 1,711.14 |
| | $2,469,448.51 |
| Surplus as to Policy Holders | 735,483.42 |
| | $3,204,931.93 |
| Number of Policies in force | 4,404 |
| Amount at Risk | $7,913,979.00 |

DETAILED STATEMENT OF BONDS AND STOCKS

| | |
|---|---|
| $100,000 State of Pennsylvania Loan, 3½s | |
| 200,000 Reading Iron Works 6s | |
| 180,000 Bridesburg Manufacturing Co. 6s | |
| 100,000 Camden & Atlantic R.R. Bonds, 6s | |
| 62,000 Philadelphia & Erie R.R. Bonds, 5s | |
| 25,000 Jersey City, N. J., Water Bonds, 7s | |
| 30,000 Cape Island, N. J., Gas 6s | |
| 20,000 City of Columbus, Ohio, 6s | |
| 25,000 Rochester City, N. Y., Water Bonds, 7s | |
| 15,000 City of Cape May, N. J., Bonds, 7s | |
| 15,000 Reading R. R. Gen. Mort. 6s | |
| 10,000 Williamsport, Pa., Water Bonds, 8s | |
| 10,000 Town of Bruce, Ill., 10s | |
| 7,000 Town of Eagle, Ill., 10s | |
| 5,000 Pennsylvania, Company Bonds, 4½s | |
| 5,000 Norfolk & Western R. R. 6s | |
| 381 Shares Corn Exchange Nat. Bank | |
| 250 Shares Pennsylvania R. R. | |
| 166 Shares Union Nat. Bank | |
| 100 Shares Commercial Nat. Bank | |
| 25 Shares Merchants' Nat. Bank | |
| 22 Shares Consolidation Nat. Bank | |
| 4 Shares Allegheny City Trust Co. | |
| 4 Shares Military Academy, Chester, Pa. | |
| CONT. MARKET VALUE | $934,383.75 / $79,805.00 |

GEORGE W. HILL, President.

JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer.



LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

**Sure Cure** for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

G. A. LODER, Apothecary,

1539 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Mottos, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.



"Over the Garden Wall," and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music, entire lot 10c. PATTEN & CO, 47 Barclay St., N. Y.



OUR Great Offer. SEEDS 2.55 for 1.00

We claim our SEEDS are unsurpassed in the world, and desire that all shall give them a trial to test their great superiority, feeling sure of making a permanent customer of every purchaser, and to introduce them into thousands of new ONE DOLLAR amounting at our regular prices homes, we will send free by mail, on receipt of to $2.55, (#) OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BOX OF SEEDS, making a Complete Family Vegetable Garden, containing large size packets of all the best, new, and standard varieties, as follows:—3 Remarkable New Cabbages, *Royal German Drumhead, Earliest Favorite Savoy, Early Cannon Ball*; 3 Delicious New Melons, *Cuban Queen, Sweet Ichu*—Water, and *Golden Gem*—Musk; 2 Superior New Onions, *Southport Yellow Globe, Extra Early Red*; New *Perfect Gem Squash*; Wonderful New Tomato, *Early Mayflower*; Earliest known Sweet Corn, *Marblehead*; *American Wonder Pea*; *Ivory Pod Wax Bean*; *Philadelphia Prize Lettuce*; *Extra Early Egyptian Beet*; *New Palm Perfection Beet*; *Champion Rose Curled Parsley*; *Early French Breakfast Radish*; *Golden Globe Summer Radish*; *California Mammoth Winter Radish*; *Improved Long Orange Carrot*; *Sugar Parsnip*; *Mammoth Tears Pumpkin*; *Improved Green Prolific Cucumber*; *Long White Salsify*; *New Thick Leaved Spinach*; *Earliest Snow Ball Turnip*. (#) Send a $1 BILL, or postage stamps in an ordinary letter, and you will receive the box by return mail, and if not satisfied, we will return your money. 3 Boxes mailed for only $2.50.

Our Novelty Collection worth $1.30 for only 40 Cents in stamps

contains LARGE PACKETS of each of the following Choice New Varieties: *Cuban Queen Watermelon*, sweet, luscious, and grows to enormous size, weighing over 100 lbs; *Montreal Improved Nutmeg Melon*, the largest and finest musk-melon in cultivation; *Eclipse Beet*, extra early, deep blood, fine turnip shape, very tender and sweet; *Southport Yellow Globe Onion*, early, large and fine flavor; *Southport Red Globe Onion*, large, handsome and best of all the red varieties; *Royal German Drumhead Cabbage*, handsome, large, late, sure heading variety, pronounced by all the finest in the world; *Earliest Favorite Savoy Cabbage*, surpassing the cauliflower in delicious richness; *Perfect Gem Squash*, flesh sweet, rich and dry, enormously productive and best of keepers; *Mayflower Tomato*, earliest, large, smooth, bright red variety, superior to all others in great beauty and productiveness. 3 Collections mailed for $1. With each of the above collections we enclose a present for your wife, mother, or daughter. Our FLOWER COLLECTION, comprising Ten Packets of the Choicest Flower Seeds, sent post paid on receipt of 25 Cts. 5 Collections, $1. The above 3 Complete Collections (in all 46 large packets) mailed for $1.50. These UNPARALLELED OFFERS should be taken advantage of at once. We warrant all our seeds strictly fresh and genuine. We supplied, last year, over 15,000 new customers, and have received hundreds of unsolicited letters saying our seeds were the best ever planted. Our New Illustrated Catalogue sent FREE to any address.

JOHNSON & STOKES, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



AGENTS WANTED

**Penn Mutual**

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

No. 921 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

ASSETS.....$7,850,000

SURPLUS.....$1,875,000

SAMUEL G. HUEY, Pres.

PURELY MUTUAL.

*Dividends annually. Policies non-forfeiting for their value. Endowment policies issued at life rates.*

Agents Wanted.

Apply to H. S. STEPHENS Vice-President.



LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE

The ONLY Book of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 30 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the White House, with views of many of the Houses of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents Wanted—Send for Circulars, with full particulars, to

BRADLEY & CO. 26 N. 6th St. PHILAD'A.



QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1883, 50 All Chromo Cards, (Extra fine Stock, Artistic designs of Swiss Floral, Scenic, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful (not gaudy colors), with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 90 costly styles for 1883, 25c. 50 per ct. paid Agents, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. 36 page Illustrated Premium List with every order. CAXTON PRINTING CO. Northford, Ct.



AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



$100 to $250 per month guaranteed sure; a positive success to Agents everywhere selling our new Enabled SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINE. Will last a lifetime and never rust. Pleases at sight. Everybody buys them. Samples *free*. Show to your friends and be convinced. Address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.



AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa.



A RICH NEW BOOK.

"CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also "WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW." Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 63. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.



A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

**Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family** on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12 Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.



Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free CARDS 50 S. M. Spencer, 12 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.



AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 127 Pearl Street, New York.



600 Ways to Get Rich. Agents wanted everywhere. Ladies or Gents. Write for particulars. Address E. G. Richards, Toledo, O.



John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail store in the United States.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market Sts., Philada.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.



40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOUQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents.

C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.



WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE.

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Ladies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,

33 Market St., Phila., or, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

(#) Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, &c., per oz.



AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Hartsch Organina Co., Philada., Pa.



I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.



30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electre-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.



GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.

P. POWELL & SON, 235 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O



Safe and Speedy Way to Fortune.

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY $2. For information & circulars sent free, write to GEORGE LEE, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.



YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in nine colors, no two alike, French and Swiss floorals, remembrance & Good Luck, German, Floral, Motto, and Verse Cards, Name in fancy script type, 10c, 14 packs $1. (#) Our Beautiful bound Book of 100 styles for 1883, 25c. Reduced Price List with each order. Illustrated premium List, 6c. Address, H. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.



YOUR NAME in Elegant Script Type, on 10 beautiful imported chromo cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt edged cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 20c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. CARDS



DON'T FORGET Where to Send for 50 very best NEW CARDS, just issued for 1883, for 10c. 13 packs $1. All Chromos. The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. To excel in quality is our aim. Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, Bevel Edge Imported Holiday and Birthday Cards, with 24 page Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Outfit 10c. E. F. EATON & CO. Northford, Conn.



BEST CARDS SOLD! All new! 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples, with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.



$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Case, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.



LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,

21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.



A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 21 Dey St., N. Y.



40 new (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.



IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Goods. Circulars free. G. A. Harper Mf. Co., Detroit, Mich.



IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Articles. Samples free. MITTEN & Co., Cleveland, O.



50 All New Chromo Cards for '83, name on 10c, or 20 Gold and Silver 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.



Splendid 50 latest style chromo Cards, name 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.



50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.



Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. Pletz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.



50 Chromo or 40 Transparent cards with name and Handsome Present, 10c. Gem Card Co., E. River, Ct.



30 Gilt Edge Cards, with name and elegant case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

THE contrast between plain and elaborate toilettes has never been greater than it is at present.

The morning dresses now worn are in the simplest styles, but display the most perfect make and completeness in all details.

Costumes made entirely of cloth have pleated skirts, short, plain paniers, or tunics draped en tablier, and a short drapery at the back, with paniers; the corsage is made with Valois points, but with the tunic a hussar corsage is preferable.

The redingote is fashionable and elegant, but being now made of rich materials and elaborately trimmed it is no longer suitable for simple walking costumes, or for morning wear.

For young ladies redingotes are chiefly made of velvet cloth or ottoman velvet.

Out-of-door costumes, plain or rich, more especially those in woolen fabrics, are draped with a large brooch of antique silver, the tunic either caught up like a curtain with a horse-shoe clasp, or the scarf tablier looped at the sides by being passed through the horse-shoes, secured by strong buckles, which fasten into the material and hold it firmly in place.

By this means the drapery can be raised or lowered at will.

Cords of many-colored wools, finished off with olives, are used to form brandenburgs to fasten the corsage, or to trim the skirt.

The scarf panier is often looped up with cord at the back, the ends falling freely, and forming the back drapery.

Very rich materials are often used for visiting and promenade dresses, to be worn in the afternoon, especially plush or velvet combined with cloth.

A peculiarly elegant visiting costume has a plain skirt of lapis lazuli-blue velvet, edged with wide band of light brown fur, and a blue satin balayeuse.

Over this is a long redingote of blue velvet cloth, open below the waist, and edged down the fronts with fur, fastened to the waist with blue cord brandenburgs.

A velvet scarf covers the left side, passes under the fur bands on the right, and forming a drapery at the back over the pleated back of the redingote.

Below the scarf the fronts are held together by two very long brandenburgs, draping the velvet skirt.

There is no fur at the back, or on the lower edge of the redingote, but a wide band forms the collar and parements.

A blue velvet Gironelin hat, trimmed with two velvet bias bands secured by buckles in front, and trimmed with pale-brown feathers, completes the toilette.

To suit a tall and elegant figure there is, indeed, no handsomer style of dress than the redingote with long added basques, made of some rich material.

A visiting toilette, for instance, has a pleated skirt of old-gold satin, the wide pleats separated by fan-pleatings of grenat faille.

The long redingote is of grenat plush, lined with old-gold satin, with the fronts of the basques turned back on revers and embroidered with grenat braid.

A plastron of braiding in front, and braiding on the tight sleeves, give an added richness.

The hat is very pretty, pressed on the ears, cut very open in front, a la Mary Stuart, covered with grenat plush, and lined with old-gold satin.

It is draped with grenat plush, and trimmed with a plume of gold feathers falling over the front, secured by a long, narrow, steel buckle.

Tan-colored Suede gloves, as near the old-gold shade as possible, give a completeness to the whole toilette.

Many ladies still have a decided preference for black, and if they chose rich materials they can wear black with perfect taste, even if not mourning.

Black is always fashionable, for many do not really look well in colors.

A visiting dress of black satin and brocbe is very handsome, the skirt divided into draped, festooned panels, having almost the effect of pleated crenelations over a rich lace flounce, sustained by three satin balayeuses.

The tunic is of brocbe, draped up like a curtain on the left with a large steel buckle the front edge trimmed with a coquille-ruche of black lace.

The brocbe corsage has a double lace jabot, and a ruche round the basques, which are pointed in front, and the sleeves and neck are trimmed in the same way.

The only color is the prelat plush capote, with prelat strings and a plume of straw-colored feathers.

This toilette is peculiarly tasteful and elegant.

New mantles are still appearing. The Muscovite pardessus, or circular mantle, with sleeves, is a vetement in great favor, and worn by ladies, young girls, and children.

Its advantage is that it participates in the useful qualities of the round cloak or rotonde, as it is straight in front and a veritable pelerine behind.

For grown-up ladies the cape sleeve generally has the corner cut off, forming a sweeping mantle sleeve from the neck to the side-seam.

These vetements are generally very plain and made of cloth or chequered material, simply stitched at the edge.

One of the greatest novelties for skirts is to have the jupe made of gros de Tours or faille and ornamented with wide bias bands of velvet, of graduated widths, placed one above the other and finishing in the puff at the back.

With such a skirt the corsage is trimmed with velvet brandenburgs, the small basque, fitting tightly over the hips, being bordered with velvet to match.

All the new costumes, in fact, have two distinctive characteristics, they combine the simplicity of good taste with rich materials.

Brocades and brocbe velvet droguet, brocaded both in flowers and foliage, in all the old tints, are of a magnificence equalling the costliest fabrics of former times, the rare samples of which are so much prized by their possessors.

The manufacturers, indeed, surpass the old models, and deserve all the popularity they attain.

One of the immense advantages in the present fashions is that ladies desirous of practicing economy can, by calculating their toilettes according to their budget, be perfectly well, nay, elegantly dressed, in a simple costume of fine cloth.

Just such a dress would consist of a pleated skirt, the pleats arranged like organ pipes, with a second skirt or tunic quite plaid, merely stitched at the edge, draped with the skill of an artist, and raised on one side a la Barberine with a silk cord. The corsage, of cloth to match, is made very tight fitting, and fastens with a row of very tiny buttons, passing a little lower than the hips in a sort of overcoat shape, and edged with a silk cord tied on the basque at the back in a fleur-de-lis pattern. The collar, of the Lamsquenet shape, is either in velvet or stitched cloth.

The sleeves are buttoned to the elbow, with a velvet parement or a trimming of silk cord to match the basque.

Such a costume, simple as it is, is both elegant and distingue, a costume, in fact, that only needs a pretty figure to give it quite a grande dame air.

Black confections are lined with quilted black satin, but for all vetements with any pretence to youthfulness and elegance colored plush linings are used, plain or shaded.

Magnificent chenille fabrics are used to trim mantles, materials which take wonderfully rich deep tones, the chenille lying on the surface in fleecy loops, balls, ribs, etc., chine, tigre, or plain colored; they only to be obtained at the very best houses.

Chenille tissues are also used for chapeaux and coiffures for young and middle-aged married ladies, to complete evening toilettes, etc., and generally accompanied (except in the case of mantles) with rich trimmings of Cuneo lace, a kind of Spanish lace of silk to match the chenille, the lace placed over a band of satin, edging the chenille tissue.

Extremely rich pelisses are made of brocbe with satin clubs or fleurs de lis on a ground of ottoman silk, cut very long, the skirt edged with, and the large rounded sleeves consisting of chenille fabric, the back raised in a rich drapery with bouccords of chenille tipped with tassels consisting of foxes' tails, a tablier of chenille also ornamenting the front.

However, chenille is used for more simple vetements also, with patterns of lozenges or flowers; it is employed to trim plain cloth mantles, as bias bands edging the confection, forming a plastron up the front, edging the sleeves, and for making the wide cape collar.

## Fireside Chat.

### ART SCHOOL NEEDLEWORK.

THE Christmas display at the leading school is remarkable rather for novelties in design and in the method of working them out than for a great number of fresh articles; indeed, there is a limit to the power of applying decorative needlework; and one rather wonders that this has not been reached long ago.

There are many old friends among the knick-knacks which are laid out in tempting array; but it is because they are such favorites, and have obtained such a hold on the public fancy, that there is always a ready sale for them.

We noticed bellows of a novel and quaint shape, and many new ideas in the working-out of designs on those of the older patterns.

Music covers, intended to hold single pieces of music on the piano, stiffened so as to prevent the loose sheets falling back over the rack, as is often the case at the critical point of a song or a piece of instrumental music, seem in great favor.

Many of these are worked in Japanese gold on a dull, neutral-tinted linen, with worsted silk introduced, are all very effective and inexpensive.

Most of the designs are symbolical—Orpheus and his lute on some, musical instruments, masks, etc., on others.

Fittings for writing-tables, envelope boxes, blotting books, calendar cases, memorandum blocks abound, not to mention photograph frames, which never fail to prove attractive, albums for scraps or portraits, newspaper cuttings, or Christmas cards.

There are numberless fancy boxes for holding anything one may feel inclined to fill them with—writting paper, sweets, photographs, playing cards, or numerous other things.

Among the novelties are some very pretty and artistic work-baskets, daintily embroidered and fitted with pockets and niches for all kinds of useful things.

Gentlemen's card cases, beautifully finished and made up to hold memorandum slips or cards, and holding a small pencil pocket for stamps, etc.

These are low enough in price to come within anyone's range, as also are the baskets, and some pretty little work sachets of a new shape, to lie on the table and hold knitting or any other small piece of work.

The rage for Japanese gold-work seems increasing, and there would seem to be some danger of its pushing the finer kinds of embroidery out, for it is effective and comparatively cheap, considering the result produced with little labor.

It is not so satisfactory, however, in an artistic sense as silk embroidery.

Among the larger and more expensive articles it is astonishing the large use that is made of darned-in backgrounds, leaving the design in relief merely outlined.

Some borders on a coarse diapered linen are especially effective, and a beautiful counterpane worked in shades of coral on cream silk is sure to attract attention.

The ground in this instance is worked in with little "fly" stitches in some parts, and in others with solid darning.

Numerous stitches, honeycomb lattice bars, etc., are used in this class of work, which is always pleasing in style, and is new.

A new wall-pocket is shaped like a pair of bellows, the back covered with Turkish satin, the front, which hangs forward, covered with embroidered plush.

If preferred, a design in oils may be painted on the plush.

The full sides of the pocket, holding back and front together, are made of satin and the nozzle and handle are of brass.

Gold is used on almost everything, chiefly in the centres and as outlines which are always couched down, two threads of the gold being generally taken together.

For sofa cushions, Chinese fret-patterns are made with gold couchings covering the surface, but leaving spaces in which a single flower is embroidered.

For example, a rich, moderately light-olive is used for the cushion, some single-petalled flowers in pale yellow pink in the spaces.

Combinations of cross-stitch and drawn work still hold their own, and the introduction of a wide variety of canvas-like materials affords the worker much scope in this pretty method of decoration.

A table-cover of silk canvas has a double drawn-work border, and on the intervening spaces is worked, in colored silks and gold thread, a quaint pattern in cross-stitch taken from a Russian towel.

In Russia a much-embroidered towel is used to hang in front of the towels in ordinary use; for this purpose one has been made with a design of stiff scrolls and geometrical figures, outlined by running stitches in colored washing cotton. The ground between the patterns is then entirely covered by a spaced cross-stitch in contrasting tints.

This effect is produced by leaving two threads of canvas between every cross, and filling them up in the following row.

The towel is finished by an edge of drawn work, and a fringe of long tassels knotted from the loose strands of the ravelled stuff.

For a chair-back, use toile Colbert in a soft gray shade, with a border of drawn work.

Around the edge work a border of heraldic animals, in cross-stitch of one-colored silk—either blue, brown, or ruby-red. This idea may be amplified into a table-cover with excellent results.

Small tablecovers worked all over the centre, as well as on the borders. These on serge or diagonal cloth have entirely superseded the old crash with colored flowers. For tea tablecloths the fine plain damask is used, fringed at the edges, and richly worked with designs in either white linen thread, washing silk, or colored cotton.

# Correspondence.

K.M., (Moore's Range, Cal.)—See answer to "B," Quitman, Ga.

B., (Quitman, Fa.)—Hazeltine & Co., artist's materials, Philadelphia, Pa.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

N. B. S., (Revere, Mo.)—The lines you send are not good enough for publication.

FRANCES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Grosvenor is pronounced as if spelt Grove-nor; Othello, O-thel-lo.

K B., (Milwaukee, Wis.)—The sponge is a porous or fibrous substance, regarded as a compound animal, found adhering to rocks, shells, etc., under water.

ANGELICA, (Boston, Mass.)—The process is too long to be described here. You can get at any art store, for a low price, books that will give you all needful information.

MRS. F. H. L., (Candor, N. Y.)—The address of the lady is a private matter with which we are not empowered to meddle. We thank you, however, in her name for your good opinion.

BEADER, (Manville, R. I.)—"The Battle of the Spurs" was so called because the French used their spurs more than they did their swords. It was fought in 1513 by Henry VIII., of England the Emperor Maximilian, and the Swiss, against France.

EVALINE, (Baltimore, Md.)—1. If the gentleman to whom you are engaged does not object, there can be no harm in wearing your friend's present. 2. Gentlemen, as a rule, do not wear engagement rings. 3. It is not usually considered correct for a young lady who is engaged to one gentleman to take walks with another, unless they are very old or intimate friends.

M. M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Your object is highly commendable, and we cannot but admire the filial feeling which inspires you. An hour a day employed as proposed will produce a most satisfactory result at the end of a year, if you are diligent and persevering—indeed what you have set yourself to do should be accomplished in three months; do not however forego a fair amount of open-air exercise.

CHARLES B., (Brownsville, Tenn.)—St. Martin is regarded as the patron-saint of master-shoemakers, and St. Crispin and St. Crispinian as the patron-saints of cobblers and journeymen-shoemakers, even as St. Peter is considered the tutelary patron of fishermen, St. Dunstan of goldsmiths, St. Nicholas of thieves, and St. Anthony the protector of hogs and St. Pelagius of oxen.

D. S., (Hartford, Conn.)—A pulley forty inches in circumference, running at the rate of 20 revolutions per minute, will turn a pulley ten inches in circumference, 1,200 times per minute, if the belt is so arranged as not to slip. A forty, or ten-inch, pulley usually means one having a diameter of forty or ten inches. In this case the small pulley would run sixteen times faster than the large—that is, at the rate of 4,800 revolutions per minute.

MAUD L., (Cass, Minn.)—It is as true now as ever that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The names of the fathers of electric science, Franklin, Galvani, Volta, Faraday, Wheatstone, Grove, Thomson, Tait, Clark Maxwell, and many more, are unknown, or known only as vague celebrities, whilst the names of those who have put to practical use the secrets which the others wrung from unwilling Nature are as "familiar in our mouths as household words."

LELIO, (Cook, Ill.)—We always feel doubtful as to the expediency of changes in pursuit. Rolling stones do not, as a rule, gather moss, though sometimes they roll into snug places and do become comfortably clothed with verdure. There would be no objection in this case on the score of age. You would, however, require a good deal of capital to start with, unless you mean to remain an assistant all your days. That would be poor pay—scarcely, if at all, better than what you are now receiving.

A. S., (Manayunk, Pa.)—Yes. What is popularly known as "the gas" is safer than chloroform. It should certainly be administered by a qualified medical man. It is not safe to allow a non-medical dentist to give it. If there are several teeth to be extracted and much pain is likely to be inflicted it will be better to have "the gas" than to try to do without it—better for the patient and the dentist. If the operation be a small one, or no ache is nature to cause great pain, it would be desirable to do without the anæsthetic.

IGNORAMUS, (Henry, Tenn.)—Oysters are usually found near the seashore: they adhere to rocks or to roots of trees on the shore. They are dredged by means of a net with an iron scraper over the mouth, that is dragged from a boat over the beds. As soon as they are taken from their natural beds, they are stored in pits made for the purpose, and furnished with sluices, through which at spring-tide the water is suffered to flow. This water, being stagnant, becomes green, and in a few days afterwards the oysters acquire the same tinge, which increases their value in the market. Oysters are not fit for sale until they are a year and a half old. A fresh oyster cannot be opened without the aid of an oyster-knife.

R. I., (Manley, Kans.)—The old adage, "All is fair in love and war," has its limitations. There is, too, civilized warfare, and whatever is not in accordance with the laws of such warfare is considered unfair by all civilized nations. It is the same in matters of love, in which some things may be done that would not be fair. We think your instincts, as to the case you mention, are correct. If you were the accepted lover of a young lady, you certainly would not think it fair for another man, knowing that fact, to try to alienate her affections from you. All you have to do in the matter, in order to act rightly, is to do just as you would like others to do to you.

T. K., (Carroll, Ga.)—The young man to whom you are engaged is certainly not acting as he should, and if he does not explain his conduct, and change it, your wisest course will be to break the engagement. This is, of course, a very sad necessity, but it is better to find out before marriage, rather than after it, that the young man is unworthy of your love. In your present state of mind you would be wrong in marrying the other man. Although it is better that a young woman should marry, there are far worse misfortunes than remaining single. Mental derangement is a real objection to marriage, not so much on account of any danger or unhappiness to be feared from the person deranged, who may be entirely cured, but because insanity is often hereditary, and apt to appear in the next generation.